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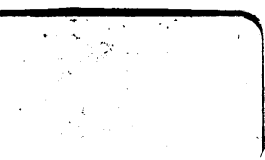
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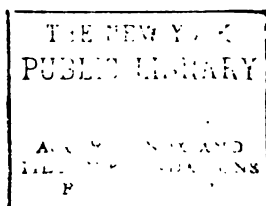


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Hassall

IN OLD AUSTRALIA.

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LANDING OF MISSIONARIES BY THE SHIP *DUFF* AT TAHITI, 1796.
The Rev. Thomas Hassall as a child standing by his mother.



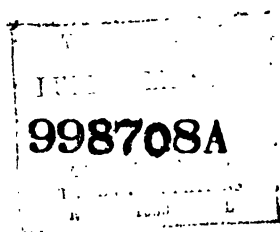
IN OLD AUSTRALIA.

RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES
FROM 1794.

BY THE
REVEREND JAMES S. HASSALL.

BRISBANE
R. S. HEWS & Co., PRINTERS, ELIZABETH STREET.

1902.



TO MY CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN,

AND MY NUMEROUS OTHER

AUSTRALIAN RELATIVES AND FRIENDS,

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK, IN WHICH I HAVE
GATHERED TOGETHER SOME RECORDS AND PERSONAL
REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLIER DAYS OF OUR
COUNTRY, WITH THE HOPE THAT THEY MAY BE
FOUND INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

JAMES S. HASSALL.

MATAVAI, CORINDA,
QUEENSLAND,
March, 1901.

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INTRODUCTION.

Many of my friends have suggested, at various times, that a few reminiscences of my early days would be acceptable to those who are interested in Australian life and manners of that period.

In complying with their request, I may state, I have no intention of giving a history of the early days, but will content myself, in the first place, with a simple narration of those scenes and events of my early childhood which will shew how different the state of the colony of New South Wales was at that time, and pass on to give the reader an account of events of interest that have occurred in my own time, in Australia, and also relate accounts of various incidents that I have received from my parents and others touching the earliest times.

Few of those who have made this vast country their adopted home have heard much of the earlier life, employments, and undertakings of those pioneers who occupied the narrow limits of its first settlements. They have too often been led to conclude that the settlement comprised chiefly iron-gangs and assigned servants, ruled by the lash under cruel and tyrannical masters and overseers, and was infested by bushrangers and other outlaws.

My object in these scattered narratives will be simply to shew that the homes and lives of the early settlers were, in many cases, conducive to the prosperity and happiness of both masters and convict servants, which have resulted in the advancement of the people who now comprise the Commonwealth of Australia.

I desire to state that I am very much indebted to Mary Hannay Foott, an old and valued friend, for her help in preparing my manuscript for the Press.

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IN OLD AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE reader will require some credentials from me before admitting my claim to record narratives of the early days of such a place as "Botany Bay." It may suffice to say that my maternal grandfather, the Reverend Samuel Marsden, landed in Sydney in the year 1794, having been appointed by the British Government to the position of Assistant Chaplain to the Reverend Richard Johnson, Colonial Chaplain, who arrived in the Colony in the first fleet, in the year 1788.

My paternal grandfather, Mr. Roland Hassall, sailed in the missionary ship *Duff*, from England to Tahiti, then called Otaheite, in the year 1796, with thirty other missionaries. After remaining there a short time, they were driven off the island by the natives. My grandfather came to Australia with his family, and settled in Parramatta. My father was then about three years old. My mother, the eldest daughter of the Reverend Samuel Marsden, was born at sea, on 2nd March, 1794.

One of my first recollections is driving from Parramatta to Sydney with my father, over seventy years ago, and I retain a clear remembrance of the latter town as it was at that time. We travelled the road from Parramatta without seeing a house except the half-way inn at Homebush and, nearer Sydney, the residences of Mr. Underwood of Ashfield, Dr. Ramsay of

A

Dobroyd, Mr. Robert Johnson of Annandale, and a few slab huts on the roadside.

The old toll-bar stood in front of the Benevolent Asylum, built in 1819, and a low shanty public-house and blacksmith's shop on the rise of Brickfield Hill was all that was to be seen of Sydney before we came to the Cemetery, adjoining the site of what is now St. Andrew's Cathedral.

The foundations of St. Andrew's were first laid by Governor Macquarie, in 1819. The Sydney Town Hall was afterwards built in part of what had been the Cemetery.

Perhaps I may mention here that my father sold four acres of land near this spot, bounded by George, York, and Market streets, for £200, in order to buy land near Bathurst, at five shillings per acre. So much for the value of Sydney property at that period.

We turned up King-street—a weather-board building stood at the corner of George and King streets, known as "Charlie Smith's butcher's shop." (Charlie, a well-known character in those days, was the owner of Lady Godiva and Betsy Bedlam, two then-famous racing mares, with whom he won many races.) Then we drove down Castlereagh-street to the residence of the Reverend Richard Hill, the chaplain of St. James's Church. A few cottages stood along this street, with gardens in front and a patch of bush scrub between each of the cottages. Nothing was to be seen beyond Hyde Park but bush, except a long low cottage on the Riley Estate, in Woolloomooloo Bay, the residence, afterwards, of Archbishop Polding, and an old windmill or two on the hill that is now the suburb of Darlinghurst. No buildings were in existence at Balmain or North Shore, unless, perhaps, a house at Birch Grove, afterwards the residence of Captain Maclean.

About this time, I was staying at my grandmother Hassall's, at the old house in George-street, Parramatta, and I remember my uncles going off to look for pasturage, in what they called

"the new country." They were then preparing for their start, taking pack-horses and a quantity of provisions, and armed to the teeth with fire-arms, for fear of wild blacks.

I learnt afterwards that they went to Burrowa, some hundred and fifty miles from Sydney. One of my uncles took up country there, and shortly after other members of the family selected the grants of land, to which the native-born were in those days entitled, of eight hundred acres apiece, in the same locality. People may be surprised, nowadays, to hear of such preparations being needed to go only fifty miles or so beyond Goulburn. Of the country on the other side of Burrowa, their destination, nothing was then known.

In the year 1826, my father purchased a property, Denbigh, in the neighbourhood of Camden, then called the Cowpastures. Upon it was a house, partly finished, built by a Mr. Hook, who had shortly before died there. The house was similar to an Indian bungalow, having two large rooms in front, with a spacious verandah. Immediately surrounding it was a paling fence, about seven or eight feet high, intended to keep out bushrangers or the assigned servants, who were not very trustworthy if their masters were harsh and tyrannical. After my father bought the place this fence was soon removed and the house completed. The man who did the work, a carpenter, formerly a convict, remained on the estate with his wife over fifty years. When death called them they were interred in the beautiful cemetery surrounding St. Paul's Church, Cobbitty, formerly a part of the property.

At Denbigh, during this early period, the blacks were very numerous. One evening I witnessed a corroboree in which over four hundred of them took part. My father used to employ from a hundred to two hundred of them, occasionally, in burning off dead timber. They would begin work about nine o'clock a.m., and work till three p.m. When they left off in the afternoon, they had a good meal of hasty pudding,

hominy, soup, and vegetables, finishing up with sugar-bag. This last, I must explain, consisted of empty sugar mats, soaked in a bucket of water. The sweetened liquid was sucked from a piece of bruised stringy-bark, dipped into the bucket. It was an amusing sight to see from a dozen to twenty blacks camped round their innocent beverage, sponge in hand, laughing and joking with each other.

I never knew any mischief to be perpetrated by the blacks in those days. An old fellow named Cogrewoy occasionally startled my mother by suddenly popping his head in at her bedroom window when he came begging for food.

Bushrangers, escaped convicts, were numerous. We once saw three men of this sort, Donohoe, Webber, and Walmsley, pass along the hills fronting our house, but they did not molest us.

Donohoe was shot by a trooper by means of a stratagem. (Troopers in those days were mounted soldiers, selected from the military corps for police duty.) The trooper came upon Donohoe in the bush, at Theresa Park, and the convict ran behind a tree, so that, for some time, it was impossible to get a shot at him. After a while, the trooper suddenly flung his cap on the ground, at the side of the tree, when the bushranger, fancying it was a step that he heard, looked out from his shelter, received a ball in his temple, and fell dead. I saw his body in a cart, with a blanket thrown over it, pass Cobbitty Church on the way to Mr. Lowe's of Birling, a magistrate of the district.

It may be interesting to some to hear a little about the convict days, especially as so many horrible accounts of them have been written. All these may be true, but so far as my experience went, the days were not so dark as many chroniclers make out, nor the condition of many assigned servants so miserable.

For a number of years, my father had from a dozen to twenty convict servants, whom he had to clothe and ration. The

rations consisted of tea and sugar, meat, and flour, or wheat which they used to grind for themselves in a small steel mill—windmills were few in those days. They worked from six in the morning in summer, and from eight in winter, until sundown. A large bullock's horn, blown by an expert on that particular wind instrument, used to arouse them—and the neighbourhood—in the early morning. The horn could be heard two miles off, and it used very much to astonish new arrivals in the colony.

The assigned servants at Denbigh were managed by a Scotch overseer, and a good deal of farming was carried on. The wheat crops then would average about thirty-five bushels per acre. Wheat sold at 8s. per bushel, and hay at £8 per ton. Horses realized a very high price. My father seldom sold any under from £60 to £70, and I remember his being offered a hundred guineas for one of his carriage horses, named *Bombarcus*.

The men assigned as servants to the settlers had great inducements to behave well, because by so doing, with the recommendation of their masters, they were enabled to obtain a reduction of their sentences, and to be granted a ticket-of-leave, sooner than they otherwise would have done, and most of our men were well-behaved.

There were some cases, however, which formed exceptions to this rule. I may mention, as one instance, that of a rogue who was our watchman. The watchman's duty was to cry the hours at night and look after the place, and he was answerable for the safe-keeping of the establishment. This fellow stole a gold watch from a table in the house, during one evening, and then in the night threw several large bricks at the window-shutters, and gave an alarm of bushrangers. His track was traced from a well, whence he had taken the bricks, but there was no direct proof against him. He was, however, returned to Government. We searched for days for the watch, in all

directions, without avail. Years afterwards, when the man was about to be executed for some crime, he sent a message to my father, telling him that the watch was in a certain hollow tree about a mile from the house, where it was found. The case was in good condition but the works had to be renewed. It is still in the possession of a member of the family.

Another time, my father was called up in the night to visit a sick man, and found that his horse and saddle were gone from the stable. In the morning a young fellow, a blacksmith, returned with them. He had taken the horse, to get some rum, five miles away. His tears and entreaties induced my father to forgive him, and his behaviour was good for years afterwards. My father never had a man flogged.

A third case that may be mentioned is that of a very clever fellow named Connor, who was my father's coachman. My mother had been to Sydney and had left her trunk to be brought home in a dray coming up from Parramatta. The trunk, which contained about £70 worth of personal effects, was broken open at Parramatta and the contents abstracted. When my father heard of it, he sent Connor down to make enquiries. Connor found some strips of a gown outside the door of a dressmaker's shop, recognised them from the description given to him, fetched the police, and had the people of the house arrested and punished for the theft. It was considered a very clever thing of Connor to find out about the robbery in this way, merely from seeing a few scraps of rag in the street.

I have known this same man get a newspaper and with six or eight other men sitting around him pretend to be reading it to them, inventing all sorts of extraordinary stories as he went on, and making the men believe that every word he said was in the newspaper.

He was afterwards put in charge of a number of horses, to be sent to my father's station at Bathurst during a drought.

Some time later he was going to Bathurst with my father, who was accompanied by Robert Smith of that district. My father admired the horse Mr. Smith was riding and the latter remarked, "I bought this horse from Connor." Turning round as he spoke, he noticed that Connor, who was riding behind and had heard what was said, became very pale, and he said to my father, "I think there is something wrong about the horse." My father made enquiry, and found that the horse (not one of his own) had been stolen by Connor and sold to Robert Smith. Connor was tried and was transported to Norfolk Island for seven years. This is the only case I know where any of our men, while with us, got into trouble. Though some few assigned servants transgressed, many, on the other hand, turned out well and prospered. An instance of this appears in the following incident :

A man of ours, a bullock-driver, after regaining his liberty, went to Sydney and became a wealthy man. I met him many years afterwards in George Street, we recognised each other, he asked me to go home and dine with him, and I found that he had a very fine house and kept his carriage and pair. During dinner he talked with evident pleasure about the good old times, and recounted, almost with pride, the names of his favourite bullocks—"Spot," "Leopard," "Monday," "Boxer," and others. He had grown-up daughters, who plainly did not like his referring to his convict days, for I observed them kicking him on the shins, underneath the table, to make him hold his tongue. If he had been ill-treated and unhappy in his days of servitude he would not have felt so much pleasure in referring to his former life.

There was a negro who lived with us for fifty years. He was rescued by the Reverend Samuel Marsden from a ship at Tasmania (then Van Diemen's Land), where he was very cruelly treated, brought to Sydney, and placed with the Reverend Richard Hill, of St. James's Church. I remember

him in the Sunday School there. He was very fond of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and thought no one so good as himself and old Bunyan. He was not sure where he was born, but sometimes claimed Jamaica as his birth-place, and at other times Maryland or the Brazils. He was a true Uncle Tom, and a very faithful servant.

We had an excellent garden at Denbigh, of about five acres, with an abundance of fruit trees. I have never seen fruit equal to what was grown there; the peaches and apples were of enormous size. I remember measuring one apple which was sixteen inches round. The melons were also large; one, a red-seed water-melon, measured twenty-two inches from end to end. The grapes, too, were very fine and of great variety. Three men were kept constantly at work in the garden, and sometimes half-a-dozen besides were sent in to help. Labour was very cheap in those days, because the men, who were convicts, had only to be kept in food and clothes, receiving no pay.

One of the farthest back recollections I have preserved of our life at Denbigh is of Christmas Day, 1827. We drove to service at Kirkham, the property of Surveyor-General Oxley, in the morning. The service was held in a large loft, over the stables. The convict servants all attended—perhaps fifty of them. In the afternoon we started for Parramatta, about twenty-five miles off, in a car which held the whole family. A big iron-grey horse named Blücher was in the shafts, and Peter, a bay, was driven outrigger. It was a dreadfully hot summer day, and we children soon began to cry out for water. I believe it was a season of drought. No water could be had at Nonorah when we passed through, nor at a hut ten miles farther on, where a basin of what looked like thick yellow mud was brought to us, which my mother would not let us drink. One of my uncles, with his man, accompanied us on horseback. My uncle's horse got his foot in a rut and fell, injuring him so

much that he had to be taken into the car for the rest of the way. We passed by the Orphan School, and reached Parramatta at dark, after a most miserable Christmas journey, which has remained impressed on my memory, by reason of the discomfort suffered, to this very day.

When even fairly well-to-do travellers had to put up with such inconveniences, one can imagine what the poorer people must have had to endure in getting about the country. The railway, with its often-despised refreshment-stations, is certainly an improvement on the old "King's Highway" of my boyhood.

When I was eight years old, my father took me with him on a trip to Bathurst, on horseback. We first rode to Parramatta, and shortly after started over the Blue Mountains to Bathurst. The first day's stage was one of twenty-eight miles, to the Pilgrim Inn, on the top of Lapstone Hill. Next day we rode about fifty miles in a pouring rain.

The New Pass was in course of construction over Mount Victoria, and my father, having heard that it was passable for horses, decided to try it, instead of going the old road by Mount York. When we arrived at the pass, we found we had to ride on the top of a wall, recently erected, of large blocks of cut stone. This road was no more than four feet wide on one side, while the other side was not completed, nor was any earth filled in. It was a great risk to take horses along this place, as the declivity on both sides was perpendicular and of great depth. We did not, however, care for a day's journey back, in order to go by the other road, so my father led his horse over, as did the other members of the party, of whom Mrs. Samuel Hassall, my uncle's widow, was one.

For fear I might slip over, I was told to keep my seat on my pony. It was not pleasant, as I rode, to see the tree-tops immediately below me. Had the horse tried to turn back, he would certainly have gone over the precipice. Fortunately, we all got over safely.

At night we arrived at a station on Cox's River, a slab hut, where lived a little Irishman, known by the name of "Terrible Billy," who gave us shelter for the night. I was soon in a tub of cold water, and then, as I had been wet all day, put on dry clothes, and after a good meal of beef and damper turned into a blanket and slept till morning, none the worse for as wet a day as I have ever travelled in. Travellers cross the Blue Mountains in rather more luxurious fashion now.

Next day, we reached O'Connell Plains, our destination. A few days after, we rode over Bathurst Plains, and called at, or passed by, several stations—the Wests', the Lawsons', the Streets', the Mackenzies', and some others. There was a township called Kelso on the plains, but not a house where Bathurst now stands; only a few sheep-folds, and a flock or two of sheep.

In those days, there was usually a small hut for the hut-keeper and the shepherd, but the latter was obliged to sleep in his box by the sheep-fold. This box was raised from the ground, and was about seven feet by three, with a bunk in it, by way of bed. The dingoes were very troublesome, and great care had to be taken to guard the sheep from them.

The Bathurst-road was simply a dray-track, very rough, and in places hilly. At the foot of the long hills, a great number of trees lay scattered about, which had been brought down behind the drays to steady them. At this time, 1831, brakes were not in use, probably they were unknown.

Mrs. Samuel Hassall had a team of bullocks that constantly travelled the Bathurst-road. They were of immense size, with very large horns, and with humps on their necks. They were of the buffalo breed—originally brought, I think, from the Cape—crossed with English cattle, and were all of a black colour, with tan noses. Horses were too valuable then for draught work, and the heavy breed had not yet been imported.

Parramatta, as I remember it in my earliest days, was a very

small town, and was the head-quarters of the Governor, Sir Ralph Darling. Mr. Dunlop, the astronomer, who had been encouraged by Sir Thomas Brisbane, himself a scientific man, still lived there. A large brick parsonage stood on a hill overlooking the town, the residence of my maternal grandfather, the Reverend Samuel Marsden, and his family, consisting of Mrs. Marsden and four unmarried daughters, with whom my sister and I often stayed.

The church, in which my grandfather officiated, old St. John's, was a large brick building, stuccoed, with two towers and spires. The church itself was removed afterwards, and was rebuilt of stone, all but the towers, which are still standing. Some particulars with regard to the establishment of the old church will be found in the account of my grandfather Marsden's life, towards the end of this book.

Within were high pews and galleries. The soldiers sat in one gallery, and, afterwards, the King's School boys in another. A high pulpit stood in the middle of the church. I remember my grandfather preaching from it about the patriarchs and saying that Abraham was a squatter on Government ground. The reading-desk was below the pulpit, and the clerk's desk somewhat lower still. The clerk's desk was occupied for many years by Mr. J. Staff, who repeated the responses and the amens in a loud voice and gave out the hymns. Most people attended the church in the morning, and many of the same congregation went in the evening to the Wesleyan services, conducted by the Reverend Mr. Leigh, who was a very worthy man and much respected.

There had been a church, built of timber, at the corner of George and Macquarie Streets, but it was gone in my time, and a Court-house built upon the site. Nash's and Mrs. Walker's hotels were not far distant and there were only small houses anywhere around, excepting a two-storey one belonging to Mr. Oakes. The bridge over the river was a low wooden

one. On the bank near by stood an ugly stone gaol, with the stocks outside, in which drunkards and other offenders had their feet placed, and a low wooden seat on which they were obliged to sit all day, in the heat of the summer sun or the cold winds of winter. I suppose this was an old custom before my day, for we read in the Old Testament that Jeremiah was put in the stocks. Very few houses had been built on the north side of the river. The grounds of the present King's School formed a well-kept Government garden—I suppose for the use of the Governor. Beyond was the Female Factory, where were lodged a large number of convict women.

In those days, a man could apply for a wife from the factory. I remember a man applying for one to my grandfather Marsden, who was a magistrate. My grandfather told him to go to the factory and he would meet him there, and he drove me with him in his gig.

The women were all drawn up in a row, and the man passed along from one to another until he found one who was to his liking and was willing to marry him. As soon as her consent was given, the man took his bride to the church, where Mr. Marsden met them and married them, and then they set off for their farm or homestead. Such marriages were not unusual.

There was a story told, and well-known to be a fact, that Mr. Marsden once called at a farm on the Hawkesbury River, and enquired how the wife, whom he had married to her husband out of the factory, was getting on. The poor husband said she was "no good," would not work or do anything for him; whereupon Mr. Marsden took his gig whip and laid it about her shoulders, and told her that, if she did not behave better, when he next came that way he would have her returned to the factory. Months after, when he called again, the man told him that his wife had turned over a new leaf, and that there could not be a better wife ever since the day Mr. Marsden gave her a thrashing. So much for the manners and customs of those early days in New South Wales.

CHAPTER II.

THE most important point of interest in Parramatta is, and has been for the last sixty-eight years, the King's School. I will therefore endeavour to give some account of its early days.

In January, 1832, the King's School was opened by the Reverend Robert Forrest, of St. Bee's College, Durham, England. It was founded, I believe, at the suggestion of Archdeacon Broughton (afterwards Bishop of Australia), King William IV., and the Duke of Wellington. The Duke was a great friend of the Archdeacon's, it was he who had him appointed the second Australian archdeacon and afterwards bishop. The Duke and the Archdeacon's other friends used their influence with the British Government to order its establishment, and as the King himself was among those who interested themselves in the matter it was called in honour of him "The King's School."

As only the Established Church was recognised at the time, it was made a Church of England school, as it has remained ever since, although boys of all classes and denominations were to be admitted. It was said that Governor Bourke, a few years later, refused to lay the foundation-stone of the present school buildings, as he was endeavouring at the time to introduce a national system of education. Captain Westmacott, consequently, performed the ceremony.

The school began in a brick house in Lower George-street, Parramatta. I entered in April, 1832, three months later. Only a few boys were before me. The names of the first

pupils will now be interesting to many, so I venture to mention them here :—Andrew McDougal, Edwin Suttor, George Rouse, Joseph Thompson, James Waller, Charles Lockyer, boarders ; and six day boys : two Orrs, two Oakeses, George Macarthur, and John Watsford.

After the June holidays, I think we numbered over a hundred boys. Among them were : Arthur Blaxland, John Nicholson, William Cordeaux, John Oxley, two Bloomfields, John Antill, John Futter, and many others, some of whom I have not heard of since our school-days. A schoolroom had to be built and two adjoining houses rented for bedrooms. One of the houses was placed under the charge of "Jerry" Hatch, a tutor, and the other under that of Mr. W. Woolls, afterwards the Reverend Dr. Woolls.

I wish I could present my readers with some portraits of the boys who came to the school. Knickerbockers were unknown. Short jackets were worn and often the little fellows had the jacket buttoned up and the trousers, or "pantaloons," as Mrs. Forrest called them, buttoned over it ; the suit generally made of blue cloth. One boy had jacket and trousers all in one, made of brown holland, with buttons only at the back of the neck and waist. This suit gave him a cool appearance on a hot summer's day, and Parramatta was as hot a place as I was ever in.

Some of the boys wore large pinafores. At nine years old, I used to wear, over my long-trousered cloth suit, a brown holland pinafore, down to my ankles nearly. All we pinafore-wearing boys had girls' names given us, by way of nickname.

The caps worn were of a peculiar style, having small leather peaks and large crowns with a cane round them, the pleats drawn into the centre to a button. After a time, these canes would be taken out, and then the caps used to hang loose at the side of the head. One boy, John Antill, who at once received the nickname of "Magpie," came with a home-made

cap, the upright made of square pieces of cloth—black, white, and red, with an immense cane top, no peak, and a ribbon at one side. Older lads wore what were called “black billies”—the usual beaver or silk hats.

We walked to church two-and-two, in great order, while the soldiers marched there with a band playing and a crowd following, listening to the music. What would I not give to hear the old bugle-call again that used to summon us at nine o'clock at night to leave our lessons and go to bed.

School opened at seven a.m. and closed at nine p.m., but, morning, noon, and night, we had to learn the everlasting Eton Latin Grammar—parrot-like, as we learnt the Church Catechism. Of course there were some boys that read the Greek and Latin classics, but as I had not advanced so far I must confine my reminiscences to outside events.

We paid only £28 per annum, so we could not be expected to fare as well as schoolboys of the present day. For breakfast and tea we had merely dry bread, with tea in large basins containing about a quart apiece. Green tea alone was used then in the colony. The quantity allotted for our tea was very scant, but a liberal supply of brown sugar, about the colour of coffee, and a dash of milk, made it into a kind of syrup. Two or three basinfuls were considered necessary to wash down the dry bread, and the consequence was that the small boys became like podgy calves. For dinner we had roast beef one day and boiled the next, the boiled beef quite fresh, never corned or salted, sometimes mutton, and “duff,” that is, suet puddings—with lumps of suet an inch in diameter, and not very nice, either. I have never liked duff since. We never tasted butter, unless by means of a shilling tip to the housekeeper, when one might find some buttered toast under his pillow at night.

On one occasion we had a great treat. A keg of butter—a hundredweight—was sent by a good mother directed

to her son at the school, and with it a letter to say he was to see it delivered to a person in town. The letter did not arrive so soon as the butter, and the son thought the latter was a present for himself, and being a good-natured fellow he supplied the whole school, morning and night, till it was all gone. We went to him with a bit of paper in our hands and, with a large knife, he would place on it a good slice of butter, with which we marched into the dining room, using our pocket knives to spread it on our bread. The keg of butter lasted only three days.

No sooner was it finished than Mr. Forrest—"Old Bob," as he was called—walked into the schoolroom one morning, and in his usual stentorian voice, called up Durham, the butter-giving boy, and said, "Here is a letter from your mother to me, enquiring about some butter." "Yes, sir," said Durham, "I got it all right." "And did you see it delivered to Mrs. So-and-so?" "No, sir. My mother did not tell me to send it anywhere." "Where is it, then?" "We have eaten it all." "But it was a hundred-weight!" "Yes, sir. It is all gone." The master split his sides laughing, and told the boy that he must explain matters to his mother himself for that he would have nothing to do with it.

The boys frequently received fruit and cakes from home, when it was the rule to share only with those in the same bedroom, after retiring to bed at night.

There was a playground, of considerable size, which extended to the river. It was bounded by a fruit-garden on each side—unfortunately for the owners. In one of the gardens, a boy was once caught at the quinces, but as he had a £1 note in his pocket at the time he was able so to arrange matters that he was not only allowed to depart with his booty, but was favoured with an invitation to come again as often as he pleased.

The river afforded a good bathing-place. One of the boys, Alick Riley, was once nearly killed by plunging into the water from a high rock on the other side. He grazed his chest against a protruding rock under water, tearing his flesh several inches, and nearly fainted from loss of blood when he reached the landing.

It may not offend, in these distant years, if I mention a rather amusing mischance that befel one of my schoolfellows. The boy, one of the day-scholars, who had very red hair, was persuaded by a doctor named Stewart to have it dyed black. Unfortunately, the process turned it a puce colour—a sort of purple. He was so teased by the boys that he would not come to school again for about three months. When he came back again his hair had regained its natural colour with the exception of a fringe along the rim. This was worse still, and he had to stay away again until that also could be cut.

On one occasion, it being a holiday, the boys were allowed to pay a visit to the blacks' camp, some distance out of Parramatta, towards Prospect. The blacks had assembled from various parts of the colony, for the annual feast given them by the Governor, and to receive a blanket apiece. The latter gift is still customary wherever any blacks remain.

Before the feast came off, quarrels had sometimes to be adjusted, and on this occasion a fight took place, which we had the opportunity of witnessing.

There were probably six or seven hundred blacks assembled at their camps. The women of each party had first to be placed at a safe distance. The men painted themselves with white pipe-clay and red ochre and thus, without any clothing, the two parties advanced towards each other in a half circle, in ranks three and four deep, armed with spears, boomerangs, nullah-nullahs, waddies, and shields. When within a hundred yards or so of each other, the battle began. The spears flew across the half circle in great profusion, but were well parried

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by the shields. Then came the boomerangs, striking the ground first, and then rebounding in all directions among the enemy. These are dangerous weapons and cannot be warded off so well as the spears. After a little time, the contending parties closed in, and a hand-to-hand fight with their nullah-nullahs or waddies ended the affray. Three blacks were killed and a number wounded. Next day, notwithstanding, both parties assembled at the feast together and made friends.

Our usual recreation grounds were Harris's Fields, where cricket, rounders, steal-clothes, and leap-frog, were played. Once at leap-frog a boy broke first one arm and shortly afterwards the other. He was a bully, and used to "punch," amidst other small boys, his three uncles, who were among his schoolfellows. The little boys were rather glad of this accident, and enjoyed teasing him whilst he had both arms in slings, and was no longer able to "punch" them.

Outside the school-grounds, the younger boys often went picking ground-berries and "five-corners." Sometimes we walked to the North Rocks, Redbank, on the Parramatta River, or Newlands, on the opposite side of the river. Mr. and Mrs. Forrest frequently accompanied us on these occasions, or one of the ushers.

Crossing the dam to Newlands, we had to be on the watch for a savage dog that used to be chained up at Howell's mill. Only about two feet space was clear of his chain. Once I was going very cautiously by, when an old gander gave me a nip behind and made me jump almost into the dog's mouth.

I was born in a weather-board house near this spot, and opposite to the steamers' wharf. The soldiers' barracks were at the wharf, and long afterwards Byrnes's tweed factory was erected close by. Byrnes had also a brewery, adjoining the school, called by the boys "big Bill Byrnes's Burton brewery." My father had an old-fashioned brick house opposite the school, built by Government for his father—I think at the time

when he had charge of the colonial cattle-stations, then all Government property. There was a great mulberry-tree in the garden and the largest English oaks in the colony were there. The property comprised about four acres of land. On a Guy Fawkes' Day, we used to make large bonfires from the dead lemon-trees that had formed a hedge around it.

One St. Patrick's Day, the boys barred Mr. Forrest out of the schoolroom, because he had refused to give them a half-holiday. He was furious when he found the door closed against him. Shortly after, Mrs. Forrest came to a window and said that Mr. Forrest was dressing to go for Colonel Despard and the soldiers, so they quickly opened the door and took their seats.

He came into the school, I remember, in his Sunday-going clothes, which shewed that he really had intended to carry out his purpose.

I remained at the King's School about three years, and left before the new building was occupied. I must not, therefore, refer to boys or matters connected with it.

I have never forgotten the names of the boys who were at the old school in my time. I know that two of them afterwards entered the army and were for a long while in India. Two others were doctors there. Two became clergymen and remained in livings in England. One was for a time Premier of New South Wales—William Foster. As a body, I believe, most of the boys turned out well, and to the end of their lives preserved a great respect for their old master, Mr. Forrest, and were proud to call themselves "King's School boys." Many of their descendants have been educated at the same school.

While I was at the King's School, I remember on two occasions taking pleasant trips during the holidays—one to Bathurst and another to Illawarra—both of which contain points of interest.

The trip to Bathurst took place in consequence of the death of my father's sister, the wife of the Reverend William Walker, of O'Connell Plains.

A messenger was sent down on a pony, as there were no mails, to acquaint my father with her death. The man rode until the pony could not go another step, and then hired a horse to come on to Denbigh. My father at once sent over to Matavai, to my uncle, Mr. James Hassall. His groom came over to say that my uncle was in Sydney, and asked whether he should go to fetch him. My father sent him to Parramatta, and there he found that my uncle had gone to Sydney that morning, in the steamer *Experiment*. (This was the first trip ever made by a steamer in Australia.)

My uncle returned in the evening, and when he received the news of his sister's death he started to overtake my father at Springwood, on the Blue Mountains. The punt at Penrith was to be left on the Sydney side, so that my uncle might be able to pull himself across.

My father started in the afternoon from Denbigh, taking me with him ; we reached Springwood in the evening, and my uncle joined us about three in the morning. We left early and went through to O'Connell Plains that day, making a journey of eighty miles for ourselves, a hundred-and-ten for my uncle, and a hundred-and-forty for his man, without stopping, except to bait the horses.

In addition to our own party, we were accompanied by Mr. Howell, a connection by marriage, who took his groom with him and a spare horse. About half-way, he sent the groom back with the horse he had ridden and took the other. Nevertheless, he knocked up his fresh one, and had to hire another to take him over the last thirty miles. The poor fellow who rode his horse the hundred-and-forty miles was dreadfully tired, and occasionally went to sleep on the horse's back.

We reached our destination in time for my aunt's funeral. Our horses all went fresh at their journey's end, and I had to hold a tight rein on my pony the last seven miles. This shews the enduring character of the horses we had in those days.

On another occasion in the holidays, the Reverend Mr. Forrest, Mr. Woolls, George Macarthur, my father, and myself, made the trip to Illawarra.

The first night we stayed at Appin. In the evening we met with a man whom my father had known as a prisoner at Port Macquarie, some years before. He was a desperate character, and once cut off part of his tongue, to save himself from a flogging he was about to undergo. He could not speak very plainly, but astonished us all by turning the whole of his conversation into blank verse. He spoke for a considerable time in commendation of my father, whom he remembered at Port Macquarie. He was a sad drunkard, and seemed to be in a very miserable condition when we saw him.

The following day we rode over the Jordan Pass, where there is a small stream of water bearing that name. We then travelled through barren country where there were great numbers of gigantic lilies. These grew from eight to twelve feet in height, and had large red flowers at the top. There were also numbers of waratahs with their splendid red blooms. When we came to the Bulli Mountain we had a splendid view of the sea. We saw a whale spouting, and several sailing craft.

Descending the mountain, we came to a large dead tree, into the hollow of which three of us rode on horseback, and a fourth, a post-boy, got his horse's head in among us, though there was not room for its body. The top of the tree had gone, and a fire had passed up the hollow centre, so that, looking up, we could see daylight through the trunk, about thirty feet above us. This tree must have been very large, but I have met with some of equal size at a place in the Moss-vale district, now known as Robertson. One of these, a "messmate" tree, measured a hundred feet in girth.

When we reached the foot of the Bulli Mountain, we travelled along the sea-shore for about seven miles, to Woollongong. We boys enjoyed the ride by taking our horses into the water as the waves receded; as they returned, the horses would gallop away from them as fast as they could.

At Woollongong, my father and I stayed the night at Mr. Charles Smith's, generally called "Bustle Smith"—who had married one of the Miss Broughtons, of Appin. Mr. and Mrs. Smith had several daughters, and these young ladies wore straw or cabbage-tree hats—a fashion which was new to me, as ladies' hats were not usually worn then. The rest of the party stayed at an inn.

The Reverend Frederick Wilkinson, who was the clergyman of the district, next day took our party a ride to see Dapto and the surrounding country.

I remained with Mrs. Wilkinson, and was much interested in seeing a turkey, ready dressed for cooking, placed on a dish under a fig-tree, to make it tender, a little girl, meanwhile, watching it to keep dogs from walking off with it.

Mawarra then had but few houses. It was strewn in all directions with cedar logs, ready for shipment to Sydney.

We arrived at home again after a very pleasant journey, passing through Mount Gilead and Glenlea on our way back.

Whilst at the King's School, I sometimes spent a holiday at Mr. Hannibal Macarthur's place, then called The Vineyard, now Subiaco. He had a large family of daughters at home. His eldest son, James, about that time, went on an expedition to the Australian Alps with Count Strzlecki, and was with him, I believe, when he ascended and named Mount Kosciusko. Charles, the second son, was at school in England. My old friend, G. F. Macarthur, was with me then at the King's School. Afterwards we were also together at Campbell Town, with the Reverend Robert Forrest, and

again at St. James's College until, with the Reverend C. F. D. Priddle, we were ordained in Sydney by Bishop Broughton.

John and Arthur Macarthur were little fellows then, but the former came to the King's School soon after. He is now the only one left of that family whom I can meet and talk with over old times.

My most frequent visits from the King's School were to the house of my grandfather, the Reverend Samuel Marsden. My grandmother and my aunts were very kind and used to supply me with the materials for a good feast as the holidays came round, for the breaking-up nights. The boys had to provide for these feasts themselves and held them in their several bedrooms. There would be from six to a dozen boys in each room.

I remember the Reverend Samuel Marsden very well at this time. He was about seventy years of age, short and stout, clean-shaved, and rather bald, with white hair. He wore a broad-brimmed beaver hat, and drove himself about Parramatta in one of the old-fashioned gigs, with a splendid horse. He had two rings placed in the splashboard, to pass the reins through, for he would sometimes drive home without them in his hands, in the forgetfulness of old age. His horse, however, would always stop safely at the front door of the parsonage, quite the same as if driven there.

Mr. Marsden imported a close carriage for Mrs. Marsden, as she was an invalid, but it was seldom used. It cost £200. Whenever he went far from home, he took with him a very faithful old servant, Paddy McCabe.

Mr. Marsden once came to my father's house at Denbigh, and drove me to Camden Park. His object in coming was to see his old friend, Mr. John Macarthur, who was at that time an invalid, and confined to his room, so that I did not see the old gentleman.

Camden Park house was not built at that time. Two of Mr. Macarthur's sons, James and William, lived in a small cottage at the farm. In front of the house some English deer were often to be seen grazing, and there were on the property some splendid horses, long known as the pick of Australian brands.

Mr. Macarthur's eldest son, Edward, Major-General Macarthur, was in later years Commander of the Forces in the colonies, and owned a large portion of valuable land at Pyrmont, in Sydney.

Mr. James and Sir William Macarthur (the latter knighted for his services in connection with the London Exhibition of 1861) were among the foremost and best of our colonial-born citizens. James took an active part in politics, his brother in farming, gardening, and botanical science generally. Sir William's garden and nurseries at Camden years ago, were well worth seeing.

When a boy, I met at Camden, Mr., now Sir Arthur Hodgson, and the two Messrs. Biggs, before they came to Queensland.

CHAPTER III.

I LEFT the King's School in 1834 or 1835 and remained at home for some time. At first I was taught, with my sisters, by a governess, who I must say was a splendid teacher. She left us on her marriage to Dr. Henry Cowper, eldest brother of Mr. Charles Cowper, afterwards Sir Charles.

We had next a tutor for some time, Mr. John McKenny. I cannot say I learnt much from him, but perhaps we had too many attractions at home—a great deal of riding, and frequent picnics and parties among our relations and friends in the district.

We had a number of ponies and could mount about twenty people on horseback from our house alone, several on side-saddles, and there were vehicles, besides, for the elder folk.

Sometimes we would go out ten or twelve miles for a picnic, to very pretty places, such as Bent Basin, on the Cowpasture River, Donohoe's Cave, the Oaks, and Razorback, near Picton and Mount Hunter.

Sixty or seventy people would sometimes gather round, for all were very friendly.

Birthdays were strictly observed, and games of all kinds thoroughly enjoyed. Our uncle, James Hassall of Matavai, who was very fond of young people, was often the life and soul of our meetings.

Those were very happy and joyous times but, as all things change, in this world, the day came when I was packed off to school again, this time to Mulgoa. The rector, or

incumbent, as a beneficed clergyman was always called then, the Reverend Thomas Makinson, who had just taken the parish, arranged to receive twelve boys as boarders and three of the Coxes' sons as day-scholars.

Mulgoa is in a very pretty vale extending from the Cowpasture River towards Penrith. This river, a few miles back, joins the Warragumba, at Norton's Basin. Thence, flowing among rocky hills and behind some rugged barren country, it comes out on open flats, called Emu Plains on one side and Penrith on the other. The river from its junction with the Cowpasture is the Nepean, and when joined by the Grose, lower down, the Hawkesbury. Above Penrith it is broad and very pretty.

Mulgoa was occupied at an early date by three sons of Lieutenant, or Captain Cox, an officer in one of the earliest regiments that came to the colony—George, Henry, and Edward. Edward Cox, the younger brother, had an advantage in point of wealth, an old overseer of his father's having left him a considerable property. Two elder brothers, William and James, settled, one at Richmond, near Windsor, and the other at Clarendon, in Tasmania, then known as Van Diemen's Land.

Like most of the gentry of those days, the Coxes had stations. Theirs were at Mudgee, which they usually visited twice a year, particularly at shearing time. They excelled as breeders of fine-woolled merino sheep.

I remember Mr. George Cox long ago obtaining three-and-sixpence per pound for some of his wool. The Hon. G. H. Cox and his brothers have not allowed their father's sheep to deteriorate in their hands, as they are still known for their superior wool throughout the colonies. Edward Cox's horses have long been famed for their high breeding, especially after coming into the possession of his son, E. K. Cox.

The brothers' Mulgoa properties were the models of early country residences, and the owners themselves worthy types of the graziers who settled in the counties of Cumberland and Camden.

A church and parsonage were erected at Mulgoa in 1835 or 1836 and when, soon after, Mr. Makinson opened his school there, three of Captain (afterwards Admiral) King's sons, John Bloomfield (afterwards incumbent of All Saints', Parramatta), myself, and others entered as boarders and three of the Coxes' sons as day-scholars.

The Coxes were very kind to us boys, and never forgot us in the fruit season or at their picnics and other pleasure parties. Mr. George Cox allowed me to keep a horse on his place, consequently there was not a spot for miles round that I did not visit.

About two miles from the school lived Mr. Mat Norton, brother to Mr. James Norton, senior, solicitor, of Sydney, and uncle to the Oxleys. He was an old naval man, a good-hearted sailor, whom the boys were fond of visiting.

Between Mulgoa and Penrith was Regentville, the residence of Sir John Jamieson, who took an active part in the advancement of the colony at its beginning. I have an address delivered by him to the Agricultural Society, in Parramatta, about the year 1816. He recommends the culture of the vine and himself planted a vineyard, where, many years afterwards, the late Sir Henry Parkes worked with the hoe when first he came to the colony. Sir John also describes an easy method of burning out stumps of trees. It used to be said that he received his knighthood for this discovery, a story, I suppose, about as true as another that he owed the honour to his having presented a pair of black swans to a lady of influence, in Spain, during the Peninsular War, in which he served as an army surgeon.

Opposite to Regentville, across the river, was Edenglassie,

the property of Judge Forbes. Below Emu Plains was the District of Castlereagh. Here was stationed the Reverend John Fulton, a Church of England clergyman, well-known in Governor Bligh's time. He had been unjustly accused of being implicated in the Irish rebellion of 1798 and sentenced to transportation. His innocence was proved so soon after, however, that it was said that a free pardon and an appointment as one of the colonial chaplains accompanied him in the convict ship which brought him to the colony. He had a school and educated in it some of the earliest of our Australian "native-born."

Mr. Fulton was a characteristic specimen of the fearless Irishman. A story was told of him that once three bushrangers sprang out from a stone-quarry on the Western Road, between Parramatta and Penrith, and called to him to stop. He was driving his gig and had a young man with him. Instead of stopping he thrashed his horse into a gallop and when the bushrangers fired at him he called out, "Fire away, boys! Fire away!" The gig was riddled, and for many years after the bullet-holes might be seen in the back of the old trap. Luckily he and his companion escaped unhurt.

Around Mulgoa were several nice properties that I have visited at different times. Clermont, the residence of Mr. Robert Dalhanty, was one of these. Near Penrith was Werrinton, where lived Mr. Copland Lethbridge, and Dunheved, the home of Captain King and his admirable family—seven sons and a daughter, with their mother, a truly Christian lady and much beloved in the colony. Captain (afterwards Admiral) King was the only son of Governor King. He surveyed part of the coast of Australia and of South America in the *Beagle*. I remember meeting Professor Huxley and Mr. Darwin when they were officers under him. Fleurs, a property on the South Creek that belonged to Mr. Richard Jones, a Sydney merchant, and Mamre, my uncle

Charles Marsden's place, were also not far distant from our school.

At Mamre, in particular, I spent many a happy day. My uncle Charles was the only son of my grandfather, the Rev. Samuel Marsden, who lived to manhood. Two sons, born before him, had both died in early boyhood, and perhaps the fear of losing him also made his father and mother more indulgent towards him than was customary in their day, when parents, by all accounts, were made of sterner stuff than they are now. It was, I think, some little slackness in regard to school-going or lesson-learning as a boy that caused him, when sent to England as a young man to study for a doctor, to give up the effort after a short trial and return to Australia, rather to his father's disappointment, and settle down contentedly to a country life. The indulgence he had himself enjoyed in the matter of schooling he was only too happy should be extended to me, so far as he could bring that about. There was never anything in the way of pleasuring going on at Mamre, as long as I was at school at Mulgoa, that he did not send over for me to come and share in it. He would send over a man, with a horse for me if I had not one of my own, and get leave for me, and sometimes a schoolfellow or two, to go and visit him.

Sometimes, when I had rather overstayed my leave, and felt that the evil day could no longer be put off, he would ride back with me part of the way. When we had done, perhaps, half the journey, he would pull up, take a coin from his pocket, and say, "Must you go back? Suppose we toss for it?" I could but agree, naturally not very reluctantly. My uncle never failed to win the toss and take me back for "one more day."

He was the best of company always, very good-natured and kind-hearted, though fond, too, at times, of a practical joke. On one occasion he was travelling over the Blue

Mountains with some young friends, as mischievous as himself, and a "new chum" who had provided himself with a feather pillow and a blanket. Such luxuries did not become a bushman. The pillow was soon found to have got itself high up in the branch of a tree. How was it to be got down? No one could tell. After a considerable time, seeing the great distress of the owner, it was suggested that the pillow might be shot down, to which he assented. The guns were brought into requisition and the feathers flew in every direction. The remains of the pillow strewed the camp long after their departure.

Mamre, where I spent so many happy days with my uncle, was a farm on the South Creek, six miles from Penrith and one mile off the Western Road from Sydney to Bathurst. Its name—that of the plain where Abraham of old kept his flocks—was given it by my grandfather, who formed the place. The house was a two-story brick building with a good gravel drive in front. Beyond, several hundred yards, was a splendid orchard of twenty acres. The fruits surpassed any that I have seen these forty years. The grapes, chiefly muscatel, were very fine. Peaches, apples, pears, oranges, apricots, and nectarines, were in abundance. Supplies were constantly sent to Sydney, in the season, in waggon-loads and sold well. Large crops of wheat and oaten hay were produced on the farm. The horses bred at Mamre were very good and sold at high prices. I remember a carriage-horse brought a hundred guineas, and few sold under £70 or £80. The farm and orchard were worked by assigned servants, numbering, I should say, from twenty to thirty hands.

My Uncle Charles, though stout, was an active man, always up in the morning at day-break. In summer the saddle-horses were brought out of the stable and we would ride to the creek for a swim, then round the farm, and home through the orchard to breakfast, for which the quantity

of fruit we had helped ourselves to in the orchard did not seem to have lessened our appetites. After breakfast business would be attended to and orders given—particularly for dinner. The mistress of the house did not undertake this domestic arrangement, as the cook was a man-servant. The butcher, too, and the gardener, had to be directed as to supplies; and, altogether, the dinner was an important item in the day's proceedings.

Talking of dinner reminds me of a big Irish lad—the crime for which he had been sent out could not, I think, have been very great—who used to wait at table at Mamre. Unfortunately, he fell into the habit of cramming his mouth with tart or pudding, whilst removing these dainties, the moment he got outside the door, and would come back munching, with his mouth full.

One day my uncle put a quantity of cayenne pepper into a nice tart, the boy carried it off, and the bell rang twice for him before he returned, with water streaming from his eyes, and his lips indicating that something peppery had passed them. Nothing was said but in future he put by his tit-bits for a more convenient season.

The rest of the morning was devoted to the farm and orchard. After dinner, which was served at two o'clock, we used to go for a ride or a drive. When tea was over the usual entertainment was a sound sleep till about nine o'clock. Then, often, if it were a fine moonlight night, my uncle would propose a hunt, order the horses, clap his hands on his thighs and crow like a cock and so set all the cocks in the district crowing. As we mounted he would call the dogs and off we would go through the barren scrubs, with a dozen or fifteen kangaroo dogs, killing opossums, wallabies, and dingoes, as luck might serve, and getting home again about one o'clock in the morning.

Sometimes my uncle, on other nights, would say he wanted

the post and would drive to Penrith and back in two or three hours. His night excursions, however, never hindered him from being up again by daylight.

My uncle had a dairy farm near Windsor, called The Tumble-down Barn—it had no other name, I believe—which we visited occasionally. We would start at daylight, take a pony phaeton with a pair of splendid ponies, a couple of black boys with our saddle-horses, plenty of provender, and all necessaries. After travelling the road some eight miles, we would camp by a waterhole for breakfast, make tea or coffee in a “billy”-can, and enjoy a picnic. Then we would take the horses and hunt dingoes for two or three hours, which to me was great fun in those days. As we rode, my uncle would never break his trot, but he had a very fast trotter and went through the scrubs at a great rate. Once or twice I was pulled off my pony, but never dared tell him for fear he would not let me follow the dogs any more. Having returned to the camp we would drive on to the dairy.

Two families from the Highlands of Scotland were employed there making cheese and butter. We had great difficulty, I remember, in understanding their language.

By the time we had ridden over the run to inspect the cattle, and had tea, it was sometimes so late that we had to drive home—twelve miles—in the dark. Lamps were never used and I long wondered how we got on so safely along a bush road, and how we came to stop at a gate just at the right time, when we could not see our hands before us. Afterwards I learnt that the ponies knew the way so well and were able to see so well in the dark that they saw the gates as we came to them, and that we had only to leave the reins to them and they would take us safely home.

Once we went on a fishing excursion to the Tumble-down. There was a good party, two boats, three nets, hook and

fly lines. This was in the South Creek, four miles from Windsor. We camped out and had good sport. I was given my choice—net or line—and as I was new to the business I decided for the net. Too late I discovered that I had let myself in for having to turn out of our tent two or three times in the night to examine the nets, which I did not much care for, though we always caught a number of fine large mullet.

Another excursion on which my uncle took me with him was one in quest of lost horses. One of the assigned servants returned from Parramatta late one night and stated that his team of six horses were lost from a paddock near that town. My uncle gave the man a good glass of wine and told him to get his tea, and to meet him at daylight at the paddock where he had lost his horses. This I thought too hard. The man had searched all day, on foot, and had walked fifteen miles home that night, and to require him to be back again by morning seemed unreasonable. A man dared not disobey, however, in those days. He never complained but was at his post when we arrived. We ordered the trap and saddle-horses, with our black-boys, and started at two o'clock a.m., reached the last hotel—or public-house—put up the ponies, and rode to the paddock. We tried to track the horses but could not do so. My uncle thought they had been stolen, but we searched all day in the barren scrub towards Smithfield, and for many miles around. The man, however, found the horses in a different direction, not without some suspicion that he had hidden them, and we reached home in the evening.

Among the many interesting recollections of his boyhood which my good Uncle Charles used to delight me with was the story of his goat-team.

In Parramatta, where he lived as a boy, horses were but little used for draught. My uncle, however, had a team of

six large goats which he drove in a small waggon. At that time all the colonists, not only bond but free, had to depend on the Government Store for their supplies of food and other things, and my uncle used to be entrusted with the duty of "carrying" the household rations home every week from the store with his goat-waggon. It was useful, too, in many ways besides.

I have heard him say that he once drove his team to the Cowpastures, a distance, by the shorter road used in those days, of some twenty-five miles. My greatest ambition was to have just such a goat-team and I intended to save up money for the purpose. A "holey" dollar was given me—a five-shilling piece with a "dump" stamped out of it, value tenpence, as small change was scarce then—and I meant to buy a goat to start with. But one day I dropped my dollar in the grass and an old gardener helped me to search for it. It was soon in his pocket and I saw no more of it.

I regret to say that my uncle lost his property, like so many more, in the bad times after the Bank of Australia failed and when sheep sold at eighteenpence and cattle at ten shillings a head.

Whilst I was at school at Mulgoa the colony suffered, unfortunately, from a three years' drought. Flour rose to £100 per ton. Meat, vegetables, milk, or butter could not be obtained at any price. Even rice became very scarce, and was full of weevils. Two-thirds rice to one-third flour was used for bread, and did not make a good mixture for baking. Every evening we schoolboys who were boarders at Mr. Makinson's used to satisfy our hunger by gathering wattle-gum after school-hours and eating at least a couple of pounds each at a time. It never did us any harm. I do not know what the boys would have done without it. I wonder, though, what boys in these days would say to such fare.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER leaving Mulgoa School—in 1839, I think—I went with my father on an overland trip, on horseback, from our home at Denbigh to Port Stephens; first to Parramatta, then, through Castle Hill and Dural, to Wiseman's Ferry, on the Hawkesbury River. As we rode along, my father would often tell me of events in his earlier life.

In passing Castle Hill, his recollections were revived of a time when he had gone, as a boy, to this district, driving a bullock-cart, for a load of potatoes. He was proud of the job, but, unfortunately, while on his way home to Parramatta, he drove the cart over a stump, it upset, and he had to go a good distance for help to reload it.

He also gave me an account of the outbreak of the "croppies"—so called, perhaps, from their close-cut hair—a number of convicts who were once stationed at Castle Hill in an old stockade which we saw as we passed. The places used as camps for the convicts belonging to the iron-gangs were always called stockades. There were several on the Bathurst-road and some on the Goulburn-road. These men at Castle Hill rose in rebellion against the Government and purposed taking possession of the colony. They overpowered the guard and, with other convicts who joined them, marched to Vinegar Hill, on the Windsor-road, half-way to Parramatta. Vinegar Hill, in County Wexford, was, it will be remembered, the place where the main camp was situated in the Irish rebellion of 1798. I do not know whether its Australian namesake was called after it at the

time of the "croppies" rising or whether they pitched their camp there because of its already having a name associated with rebellion. The whole colony was in a great state of alarm, as well it might be. There were, I believe, two regiments of soldiers in Australia at the time, but they were in scattered detachments, many being in charge of iron-gangs in various places in New South Wales, others in Van Diemen's Land. However, what troops could be got together, with a body of police, met the outlaws, soon overcame them, and order was quickly restored.

We remained the night at a small inn near to the fine old house where the Wiseman family had lived, at that time deserted, and crossed the river next morning in the ferry. The scenery around this spot is very pretty, as are many parts of the Hawkesbury. The country we passed through during the day, however, was rocky and barren. A road had been made by a gang of convicts but it was rough travelling for a dray or any vehicle. My father was not so communicative this day, so I fell into conversation with the groom we had with us. He was giving me an account of his native (English) county, Hereford, its beautiful fields and hedges, until his voice died away as he thought of his dear old home. To arouse him I said, "William—now, is this like Hereford?" (It was a most desolate spot.) "*This* like Hereford?" he exclaimed, and gave such a start in his saddle that his horse jumped almost from under him against mine, and my horse bounded against my father's, so that, in a moment we were all three clinging to our horses' necks. This occurrence for a while took off the monotony of a dreary journey.

We reached Wollombi in the evening, and stayed the night at Mr. Thomas Wiseman's, where we were, as a matter of course, most hospitably entertained, and where our quarters were a great contrast to those of the night before,

which had been anything but comfortable. The following day we arrived in Maitland and were heartily welcomed by the incumbent (in after years one of my greatest friends) the Rev. John Stack and his estimable wife. Mrs. Stack was a sister of Mr. Richard Bagot, afterwards so well-known as the secretary of the Victorian Racing Club. At dinner we had some kangaroo steak as one of the dishes. I think the tail, made into soup, is better.

The next night we remained with Mr. Close, of Morpeth, a gentleman much esteemed throughout the Hunter District. It was his son who, when a schoolfellow of mine at the King's School, used to wear the suit buttoned at the back which has been mentioned as particularly cool-looking.

Having crossed the Hunter in a ferry-boat, we were met by a native black, sent by Captain King to guide us to Port Stephens, our destination, where he resided. We had no idea of the distance, so I asked the black, when about three miles on the road, how far it was. His reply was, "Close up, massa. Close up!" To my disappointment, I found that his "close up" was some eighteen miles further on.

We passed Illewang, the property of a Mr. King, on which, I believe, he had a fine vineyard, and came to Sawyer's Point. Here we had to cross the head of Port Stephens and mouth of the Booral River in a boat, placing our saddles in the boat and towing our horses over.

It is remarkable how horses differ when they have to cross water. It was a long pull. My father's horse swam splendidly—head and shoulders out of the water. My pony lay flat on his side and never moved, while I held his head up by the bridle. The groom's horse went down and only his nostrils could be seen. I think if the man had not held him up he would have gone to the bottom. We landed safely, however, and three or four miles further

brought us to Tarlee, the residence of Captain King, who was at that time the Commissioner or Superintendent for the Australian Agricultural Company. I was delighted to meet here three of my Mulgoa schoolfellows, Charles, Frederick, and Arthur King, and Robert, one of their elder brothers, afterwards Archdeacon King of Sydney.

Their father, Captain King, was the son of Governor King, and was born at Norfolk Island whilst his father was Commandant there. He entered the navy and when in command of the *Beagle* surveyed the west coast of Australia and part of the coast of South America. The afterwards-celebrated scientists, Huxley and Darwin, were with him whilst he was engaged in the work. I could just remember them, years before, as officers on board the *Beagle*.

The Australian Agricultural Company, for whom Captain King was manager at Port Stephens, had received from the English Government a grant of over a million acres of land. The company took up some of it at Port Stephens and some in the Liverpool Plains district. Curious to say, they had as managers two intrepid navigators, King, of the *Beagle*, and Captain Sir Edward Parry, the famous Arctic explorer. It is interesting to recall the fact that Sir John Franklin, also of Arctic fame, was likewise connected with Australia, as Governor of Van Diemen's Land. Lady Franklin visited New South Wales when I was a boy. During her stay, my father drove her from Denbigh to Illawarra in his carriage.

At Carrington, a village on the bay, I met for the first time, during our visit to Port Stephens, some families whose friendship I have enjoyed ever since. Among these were the Norths, afterwards of Ferny Lawn, Wivenhoe, Queensland. Mr. Joseph North, the father of the family, I did not meet at the time. He was then in the army and was in command of a detachment of soldiers at one of the stockades, most likely at Berrima.

One day, while we were with them at Port Stephens, the Kings took me across the bay in a boat, to visit Mr. Caswell, father of the late Mr. Caswell, of Euston, Queensland. The following week, my father, Mr. Rowley, and some of the Kings, with a crew of black-boys, rowed up the Booral and on to Stroud, where we met a number of gentlemen connected with the Australian Agricultural Company, two Messrs. Ebbsworth, Mr. J. C. White, Mr. Corlette (father of the late Canon Corlette of Ashfield) and several others. The Rev. W. Macquarie Cowper, now Dean of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, was the chaplain. My father and I stayed with him during our visit to Stroud. Mr. J. C. White, whom I often met afterwards at Rosewood Station (Messrs. Kent and Wienholt's) near Laidley, Queensland, had charge of the Company's horses and cattle, and he took us to see the horse station. We saw some beautiful Welsh ponies with silver manes and tails. The greatest delight, though, to us boys, was to see some Mexicans, who had come from South America with a number of mules, to carry rations for the company, mount some unbroken horses.

They would catch a horse by the hind leg, with a lasso, and throw a poncho or a rug over his head, then place a saddle, with wooden front and back and wooden stirrups, on his back, and then the bridle—they used a terribly severe bit—tying it to the saddle. One of them would jump on, holding on before and behind, without touching the bridle, pull off the poncho from the horse's head, and let him go.

These poor fellows were not accustomed to buck-jumpers. It was a sight to see them holding on like grim Death to the saddle with both hands. Sometimes they would be on the horse's neck, sometimes behind, sometimes underneath the horse—seldom in the saddle at all. At last they would come plump on the ground. Up they got immediately, threw the lasso, flung the poncho over the eyes, and went on again

and again with the same performance. One man had five falls, another only one. When the horse was pretty well exhausted he was taken into the forest and after an hour or two brought back again, quieted enough for a child to ride. I must say that I thought it far prettier to see a good colonial rider sit a bucking horse—*without* the falls.

After enjoying ourselves a few days longer at Port Stephens, my father and I made a start for home. There was a steamer at Raymond Terrace, and I was very anxious that we should put the horses on board and return by sea. My father, however, had promised to take some baptisms on his way back and would not disappoint the parents of the children.

From Wiseman's we passed by Cattai Creek, Pitt Town, and Windsor; thence home to Denbigh.

I wish it were possible for me adequately to express the enjoyment such a trip with my father always afforded me.

CHAPTER V.

THE REV. ROBERT FORREST, after seven years of hard work as principal of the King's School, Parramatta, resigned the appointment, and was transferred by Bishop Broughton to the incumbency of Campbelltown and Narellan. The State-aid stipend was £200 per annum. Such an income, where there was a parsonage and something in the way of glebe, was not so tight a fit as it would be—at all events for a married man—in our own times. The domestic servant difficulty was still met by the employment of assigned convict servants. Labourers for out-door work, in garden, orchard, and field, or among stock, were to be had in the same way. People mostly raised their own food, so that, having no wages to pay, a convict servant could be fed and clothed comfortably for perhaps five pounds a year.

Mr. Forrest, however, was not provided with a parsonage and had, consequently, to pay rent for a house out of his small income. He decided, therefore, to take six boys as resident pupils at £100 a year each. Two of the Nortons, two Oxleys, G. F. Macarthur, and myself were fortunate enough to enter as pupils. We were from sixteen to seventeen years of age and were not treated as school-boys. Our food was such as might be served at any gentleman's table and we always had wine and other luxuries. As for Mrs. Forrest, we boys never had any fault to find with her. She was always kind and courteous to us.

Out of school-hours, and on Saturdays, we had liberty to go wherever we chose, so for miles round Campbelltown

we knew every inch of ground. Our favourite excursion was to George's River, about two miles off, where we had a fine sheet of water for swimming, and very wild and rocky country to stray over. Gigantic lilies abounded—looking something like aloes—with stems six to eight feet high and bearing a very large red flower on top. There were many other flowers besides, but I do not remember the waratah in that part, though it must have been growing not far away. Once we found a lyre-bird's nest. The bird lays only one egg each time of hatching, I believe. The young one, as soon as it is hatched, runs off with the mother. We used to kill dingoes, at times, and other animals, and we always enjoyed our wanderings, as boys only can.

We often passed a water-hole in a small creek, where in earlier days Fisher's ghost was said to have been seen by Farley, and we knew Farley himself—an old man in our time. The facts of the case, as I heard them sixty years ago are these :

Fisher, a settler who lived not far from the creek above-mentioned, had been successful in his affairs, owned some property and had money put by, and had talked for some time of returning to England. He had a servant man—a convict assigned servant—whom he considered trustworthy, and this man murdered him, reported that his master had gone to England, and took possession of the property. His story was generally believed but some of Fisher's friends thought that he would certainly not have left without bidding them good-bye. It seemed to them to be a mystery, and they suspected foul play. Farley, who was a neighbour of the murdered man, no doubt shared their suspicions, and one night, going home after dark—not very sober, it was said—whilst passing along the creek near Fisher's property he saw, as he fancied, a light on one of the posts of the fence, overlooking a water-hole.

The light appeared to point, in some way, down into the water-hole, Farley took it for a ghost, and fancied that it must be connected with the mystery of Fisher's disappearance.

He was so much impressed by the incident that next day he procured help and dragged the water-hole, where the body of the murdered man was found. The servant was tried for the murder, convicted on circumstantial evidence, and executed for the horrible deed.

Campbelltown is an old township, commenced by Governor Macquarie, and called after the family name of his wife who was a Campbell. The Governor built a church and a court-house there. The church, St. Peter's, is similar to one he built at Windsor and another at Liverpool.

Captain Allman was police-magistrate here in my schooldays and he and his family were much respected.

There were some very old residents in the surrounding district, among them the Warbys, with sons and daughters and many grand-children, the Grahams, the Macdonalds, and the Fowlers. The Grahams and Macdonalds were among the earliest pioneers in North Queensland. The millionaire James Tyson was a boy at this time, living at Manangle. I must often have seen him in Campbelltown but did not know him personally. Near to the Tysons lived an old Spaniard who, it was said, had a pretty wife of whom he was very jealous, and had large dogs chained all round his house to prevent egress and ingress. It is more likely that his precautions were taken to keep out the convict servants and prevent them from committing robbery.

The Reddalls of Glen Alpine lived two miles out. The Reverend Thomas Reddall was formerly incumbent of Campbelltown, but had been dead for some years. The family had a ladies' school for many years and were most worthy people. The Howes of Glenlea were also near—long famous for their butter in the Sydney market. The Bucklands of

Narellan Grange, too, were neighbours and used to attend St. Peter's Church.

Mr. Forrest worked us hard in school. I have known him sit with us, for a time, from six in the morning till twelve at night, every day. After three weeks or so of this he would say, "Go home boys ; you look pale," and we would all be away before breakfast next morning. In a week or ten days he would order us back again.

He allowed us to keep horses if we wished and would find the feed himself. We spent a very happy two years at Campbelltown and were very sorry to leave it.

The Macarthurs of Camden built a fine church there and had the presentation to the living granted them by Bishop Broughton. They were glad to offer it to their friend Mr. Forrest, who accepted it, when, consequently, the school at Campbelltown was broken up. The two Oxleys went to England, G. F. Macarthur to his father's station at Arthursleigh, of the two Nortons one entered his father's office in Sydney (where Mr. Norton was one of the leading solicitors) and the other went to Hanimbla, a property his father gave him, in the Hartley district.

A favourable opportunity offered for me to visit the Burrowa district, where some cousins of mine lived, an invitation having been given me by their step-father, Mr. J. J. Howell, who had come down the country about this time, to return with him to his home at Arkstone. Mr. (afterwards the Reverend) Thomas Wilkinson accompanied us. I started from Denbigh and do not remember where we stayed the first night—probably at a hotel at Berrima. The second night we reached Wingello, occupied at the time by Mr. George Oakes. I had spent a week or two here, some ten years before, with Mr. R. Campbell and family. Mrs. Campbell was my aunt, and my father, who had taken me with him on one of his journeys, left me with her while he

visited Goulburn, at that time an out-district of his, when he had nearly the whole colony as his parish. (I astonished a second cousin of mine, the other day, by telling her that I remembered her *great*-grandmother, this same Mrs. Campbell, telling me she was going to be married.) The next day we reached Goulburn, and remained a day or two with another aunt of mine, Mrs. Shelley.

Mr. W. Shelley had entered into partnership with Mr. William Bradley, one of the earliest settlers in the Goulburn district, in a flour mill and brewery, and was living at Lansdowne, managing the concern.

Mr. Shelley's father came out in the ship *Duff*, with my grandfather Hassall, as a missionary to Tahiti. His son, my uncle, was a Parramatta boy, and when I knew him had more fun in him for a man of his age than one often meets with in these days. He kept us all alive, the few days we stayed at his house. On the second or third day, he saw Mr. Frank Oakes on the Plains, riding in from the Crookwell, on a celebrated mare that had won all the trotting races in that part of the country, and at once exclaimed, excitedly, "Oh, I would give anything to lick Oakes!"—that is, of course, to beat Oakes's mare. Mr. Howell, who was standing by, said, "James Hassall's horse would beat her. He is a wonderfully fast trotter." Mr. Shelley, turning to me said, "I wish you would lend him to me to have a try." "You may have him," I replied, "I am sure no horse can touch him." Before Mr. Oakes had time to dismount, Mr. Shelley challenged him to trot for a new hat. Mr. Oakes accepted at once, and as soon as dinner was over a party of us rode on to the Goulburn Plains, where the match was to come off, Mr. Shelley taking my horse and lending me a pony. A start was made, but, in a few hundred yards, Mr. Oakes and his mare were left far behind. Seeing that he had no chance, he broke his trot and galloped up to Mr. Shelley, saying that

he would race him. My horse was soon in a gallop also, but ran away, and it was said he went four miles before Mr. Shelley was able to stop him. It was the best fun possible to see Mr. Shelley, a short, thick-set man, tearing over the Plains at such a pace. John Gilpin was nothing to it. It would not have been easy to get Mr. Shelley to mount the horse again.

This horse I bred from a piebald pony, the sire a splendid carriage horse. He was a remarkably well made, and well-marked piebald, with a white square tail—for horses were docked frequently at that time. His trot was so fast that one could not rise in the stirrups but had to sit like a trooper. After I sold him, he was put in harness and sold for £42 with his collar; although horses had become so cheap that another horse that had been valued at £200, some time before, sold for £25. He was open to trot any horse in the colony for £100 a side, and ran in a new coach, *The Age*, from Sydney to Parramatta, fifteen miles, within the hour, for a wager of £100, and won it. The other three horses in the team were changed at Homebush Half-way Inn and were kept at a gallop, whilst the piebald never once broke his trot. Mr. Roberts, a member of a well-known racing family, purchased him, afterwards, and drove him tandem with another piebald. Unfortunately, on one occasion, he drove from Picton to Sydney, fifty miles, in a very short time, when the poor horse dropped dead, as he entered the yard, at his journey's end.

At Gunning, on our way to Burrowa, we were met by Mr. William Howell, a nephew of my relative, who had with him a pair of very big kangaroo dogs that had once belonged to a bushranger. Mr. Howell had given £8 for them. I longed for a hunt, although we had thirty miles to travel, and when, about half-way, a couple of dingoes crossed our road we were soon in full chase after them. After a good

run in open country, we killed one but had not time to follow the other. Mr. W. Howell, an old bushman, cut open the dog and ham-stringed him, because dingoes sometimes feign to be dead and when one is gone will get up and run away.

We arrived at Arkstone, Mr. Howell's place at Burrowa, about sundown. During my visit I enjoyed myself immensely with my cousins. Two of the boys, Tom and Jim Hassall, had been my companions for years before, when they lived at Macquarie Grove, near Camden, and were about my own age—seventeen or eighteen. Their two sisters were older, but we had often had feasts together as children, with chips of broken china for plates, and tea and cake. They are all dead and gone now. I have a very old letter that was sent me by one of the boys with a kangaroo-rat he had caught at Arkstone, when they first went up the country. Of course the rat was a great pet for a time, but, as generally happens, the dogs killed it.

We used to ride about a great deal. My mother and two of my uncles had grants of land near. Land at that time was valued at five shillings per acre. The grant to our family was of the value of £1000.

Mr. Howell had made arrangements to go out with one of his step-sons and Mr. Wilkinson (who, I believe, was to take charge) to a station he had lately formed on the Murray River. The place was new country and it was something of an undertaking to get there. I was very anxious to accompany them, but there was no letter post, and I could not acquaint my father with my intention, nor could he have heard of me for some months if I had gone, so I gave up the idea.

William Howell also took up a station in the Murray district about that time—Yanko, on the Billabong—and did very well. The Murray was quite "outside country," in those days with no mail-day or anything else to distinguish the

days of the week. It was said that some of his friends once rode up to Yanko and found William hard at work in his garden. When they told him it was Sunday, he threw down his hoe in disgust, saying he had quite forgotten the days of the week. I think people were more religious in those days than at present. Afterwards he married my cousin, Elizabeth Hassall, his uncle's step-daughter and in a few years' time the station was sold for a large sum of money and the Howells settled on a property near Arkstone. Mr. Howell, senior, was killed by a smash-up with some young horses in a plough. He was fond of farming and very industrious.

We left Burrowa with my cousin, Tom Hassall, who accompanied me home. We went round by the Crookwell, as I wished to visit my father's cattle-station, Mulgowrie. We took one of Mr. Howell's men with us, to shew us the way across the country. This man always went by the name of "fat Jack" because he was the thinnest man in all the country round.

Our stockman at Mulgowrie was a man called Marks, a well-known and comical character. I remember, some years before, about 1836, he brought a mob of cattle to be sold in Sydney. The great comet was plainly to be seen then and whilst my father was talking to him on business matters and admiring the comet Marks said to him, "Why, sir, you will be *disprised* to hear that when I was on the Lachlan a short time ago, I can assure you that the comet was not a bit bigger there than here—although I was so much nearer to it." He had little idea of the distance of the comet from the earth, or that the Lachlan was about the same height above the sea as where we were standing.

We arrived at the station in the evening and found at the homestead a strong substantial stone house. Marks had persuaded my father to let him build this on account of the bushrangers, Witton, Reynolds, and party who had threatened

to shoot him and several of the neighbours in that part of the country. He had port-holes left in different places and had taught his wife to load and fire the guns, but the gang, I believe, never paid him a visit.

The morning after our arrival at Mulgowrie we took a ride out to inspect the run and some of the cattle, getting back at dinner-time. The dinner I shall never forget. I suppose it was in honour of "The Boss's" son. My cousin, Marks, and I, sat at table while Mrs. Marks attended to us. First appeared a splendid roast turkey, to which we did ample justice. When this course was over Mrs. Marks was called in, cleared the table, and then in came a magnificent joint of roast beef. Well, we had to eat a share of this also. Again Mrs. Marks was called in, removed all, and placed a huge plum-pudding on the table—enough for a dozen people. Could boys ever refuse plum-pudding? The fourth course was apple-pie but we now had to apologise and postpone the pie until tea-time. My cousin and myself lolled on the grass for the rest of the day, wishing we had known beforehand the quality and quantity of the dinner we had to face.

Next day we rode into Goulburn, part of the way with Marks who rode a very fast racer, named *Conservative*, with which he had won many races in the Goulburn district. We passed the Betherwetherloo, a creek whose name took my fancy, and reached Mr. Shelley's that evening, Mr. Oakes's, Wingello, next day, and the third day a place near Mittagong, the property of Mr. Burke, who at that time lived in Windsor.

Years after, Mr. Burke settled here, with his son and two daughters and they became sincere friends of mine when I took the parish of Berrima. They were Roman Catholics. The priest stayed at their house, frequently, on Saturday nights, ready for his Sunday duties; and I remained on the Sunday nights, after my work in the Mittagong district. When

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Mr. Burke died I was one of the pall-bearers at the dear old gentleman's funeral.

Young Mr. Burke, his son, went to Buckinbong, on the Murrumbidgee, a property owned by his brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Jenkins, where he lost his life by a very sad accident.

It had been a dry season; the grass was long and dry; a fire broke out on the run. Mr. Burke and a number of men went out to try and extinguish it, but a strong wind arose, when Mr. Burke and the stockman had to gallop for their lives, for some distance. Mr. Burke's horse fell, and he mounted behind the stockman but the fire overtook them, he fell from the saddle, exhausted, and was burnt to death. The stockman left his horse and ran for a swamp some distance off, and managed to reach the water before the fire caught him. No-one can realise the swiftness with which bush fires travel in the open plains unless they have witnessed it. I knew of two troopers with their horses, having been burnt to death in a bush fire, when going through scrub country to Illawarra, but this was because of the trees surrounding them catching fire so that there was no way of escape. A forest fire does not spread so fast as one in the open country, and is not so dangerous.

After leaving Mittagong we reached home, at Denbigh, safely next day, all the better for a jolly trip of four hundred miles to Burrowa and back.

CHAPTER VI.

WHILST I was at Mr. Forrest's school at Campbelltown, during some of our holidays—in 1842, I think—we made an excursion to the Wombeyan Caves. Mr. Forrest, the Rev. J. Troughton, two of my school-fellows, my brother, and myself, with a couple of servants, formed the party. We went on horseback, carrying provisions for the journey in our saddle-bags.

Starting from Camden, we passed the Oaks district and entered Burragorang, descending the mountain at what was called "The Pass." This place was somewhat improved since I had gone down with my father about eight years before. On that occasion we had to let the horses down partly with a rope, to prevent their falling over a precipice alongside us, three or four feet off, and I, too, had to submit to be lowered by the rope.

After following up the Wollondilly a short distance, we camped for the night. I had often slept out in the bush before but it was a new experience for the two clergymen, so Mr. Forrest desired us to get a quantity of bushes to make a gunyah, and some grass for our beds. We greatly enjoyed our quart-pot tea, beef, and hot damper baked in the ashes, after our day's ride, and fresh from school, and with a jolly fire in front of us we passed the night very comfortably.

The next day we went about thirty miles but could not find the track leading up to Bullio from the river. We had, therefore, to send a man back, nearly to our camp of

the preceding night, for better directions, from a stock-keeper at Mr. John Wild's station, as to our route. This delayed us a day, as we had to camp for the night and await the return of our messenger.

After passing Bullio we made again for the river higher up, which we had been forced to leave because of the country in its intervening course proving impassable. We camped by the river on the third night, and engaged the services of "Big Tom," a stockman on a cattle-station there. He was a remarkably strong man and was accustomed to muster his cattle on foot, in the hot season wearing nothing but a shirt, and running over the mountains where no horse could travel. We went to the caves and back again to Bullio next day. "The Church" was the only part of the caves we saw, but we thought the sight well worth the journey. "The Pond," or "Pool of Water," had not been passed at that time. The cave might have been entered from the other side, but no-one thought of examining it.

From Bullio our worthy parsons went on to Bendooley, in order to reach their respective parishes for Sunday. Those of us who remained put up for the night in the hut of an old Scotsman who was stock-keeper there for Mr. W. Cordeaux, the owner of the station. The hut was the dirtiest I have ever entered. We four young fellows made our beds with our own blankets in the middle of the floor but even here we were attacked by swarms of unwelcome visitants. The servants, who had taken possession of a bark bedstead, were found, in the morning, one in each corner of the roomy fireplace, and declared that the invaders mentioned had dragged them there in the night.

We reached Bendooley that day and remained over Sunday with our old friend and schoolfellow, William Cordeaux, who in those days was a bachelor living in a slab hut. William had recently purchased a bell, for the better regulation

of domestic matters, and it amused us very much to see him, at meal times, take the bell to the door and ring it for his old cook and waiter, at the same time (such is the force of habit) calling—"Charlie!"

We slept most of Sunday on the wool-bales in the shearing shed, recruiting after a week's rough travelling. A fifty-mile ride brought us home next day.

Besides this first visit, when the caves were only partially explored, I have made, perhaps, half-a-dozen others in later years, always with renewed interest and pleasure, and as I think some who may not have had the opportunity of seeing the place may like to hear a little more about it from one who knows it fairly well I will here add to my account of our school-days' excursion a short description of the Wombeyan Caves.

On the east, the coastal side, of the Great Dividing Range, which extends along the greater part of the States of New South Wales and Queensland, there exists a large area of mountainous and broken country of sand-stone formation. About twenty-five miles from Sydney are the Blue Mountains, over which the railway passes to Bathurst. To the south-west, in a most broken country, is an extensive gorge, about a hundred miles in length, which has evidently opened out in some vast upheaval in remote times. The fact of their former junction is proved by the correspondence of the perpendicular and serrated rocks on either side. The gorge—Burraborang it is called—varies in width from half-a-mile to ten miles. The Wollondilly River, which rises beyond Goulburn, after passing through that town and the old properties, Lockyersleigh, Greenwich Park, Longreach, and Arthursleigh, falls into Burraborang, coursing through the gorge until it meets Cox's River, coming from Mount Victoria through Kanimbla. From the junction the river is called the Warragomba, which, passing through another gorge comes out into the Nepean above Penrith.

On the table-land on the south side of Burratorang, and about ten miles from the river and thirty-five from Berrima there exists a limestone deposit, included in an area of about four square miles. A considerable portion of this limestone is honeycombed with caves. It is these that are known as the Wombeyan Caves.

In order to visit the caves, after crossing the Wollondilly River in the Burratorang gorge, one immediately ascends the Range—no light undertaking, as it is four miles to the summit, and in most parts too steep to allow of one's riding on horse-back without being guilty of cruelty and at the same time running the risk of having one's horse fall over backwards, a thing I have seen happen there.

From the top there is a very gradual descent of six miles, through open grass country, towards the caves. Passing round a hill, with indications of limestone, a pretty valley or flat is to be seen with, after rain, a small stream running through it with some fine swamp oaks growing on its banks. A few hundred yards on is to be seen a causeway-like hill directly crossing the valley, limestone rocks forming its face. The water-course enters this through an arched way of considerable size which immediately opens into a large cave called "The Church." On one side of the cave there appears a large "east window," formed by the earth and stones falling in and thus making an opening into the church. This is a grand room, considered to be not less than eighty or ninety feet high, and in many places with stalactites some eight or ten feet long hanging down from the roof. The walls are of solid limestone which seems to have been subjected to the action of great heat and has a yellow crystalline appearance. Opposite the entrance is a chasm through which the water escapes. This chasm forms a very narrow passage, with basins of cold clear water lying along the bottom, and scarcely wide enough to allow of one's

passing through, at first, but widening out, afterwards, higher up in the chasm.

After walking some little distance one comes to a large pond with perpendicular sides. This was the limit of all explorations when I first visited the caves, in 1842 or 1843. Years afterwards some bold adventurers waded through the pool and new wonders were revealed. I have many amusing recollections of casualties which have occurred when crossing this Styx without the ferry boat. It is pitch dark here and each visitor had to carry a wax candle in his hand. Anyone who ventures across will discover more open space beyond, with galleries on each side, until he finds himself advancing from beneath the hill and coming out in a deep ravine or gully on the opposite side from that on which he entered. Now, turning back to examine the galleries, one finds, on the left side, after climbing up some height, a remarkable perpendicular vein, projecting six inches or more from the rock, perhaps half-an-inch thick, and seven or eight feet long, formed by a harder vein in the limestone resisting the decomposition by water as the other part of the stone diminished.

This vein of stone has been called "The Organ." When it is struck with a stick it gives forth a resonant sound, in some degree resembling the tone of an organ, which may be heard a considerable distance off. By striking the vein in different places a variety of notes are produced.

On the opposite side, ascending the walls, which is not to be done without difficulty, one comes to a small opening, generally with a little water at the bottom of it. A strong draught of air rushing through indicates that there is some larger space beyond, and if one will but lie down and creep through the small opening this space is soon gained, with ample reward even for the wetting.

A little way beyond the narrow passage is a very large cave called "The Theatre." Coming out of the passage one

finds oneself in a gallery, and thence, with the help of blue lights or magnesium, there is disclosed a magnificent sight. In the centre of the floor there is a large stalagmite, looking like some piece of white statuary. At the further end there is a small aperture, admitting light. This, when entered from the outside leads through rough fissures down a long distance under the before-mentioned caves, and forms a water-course, terminating at a small hole much further down the valley than the passage through the hill by the arched way, already spoken of. Once, when far down this water-course, a party of visitors kindled a fire in the *débris* washed down in flood-time. On returning towards the caves one of the party, in stepping over a stone, would have put his foot into a small hole had he not seen a light shining through from below. Looking down, he saw the fire his party had made, many feet beneath him.

On the left of the theatre cave, amid the galleries, were formerly a large number of beautiful stalagmites and stalactites. These have been destroyed in a most wanton manner, by visitors throwing stones at them and breaking them to pieces. I am glad to say, however, that the New South Wales Government now employ a care-taker to guard the caves. No one is now allowed to enter them without giving him notice, and to remove any of the curiosities is forbidden.

About a mile away from "The Theatre" there is another cave which I once entered with a party, among whom were the late Judge Wise, Mr. Stephens, formerly of the Sydney Grammar School, Mr. C. Moore, of the Botanical Gardens, and others. There was nothing interesting in it, however; it was merely a long fissure in the limestone. We traversed it for a considerable distance to a hole, which some of us crept through. The bats were so numerous that they were constantly putting our lights out. We had obtained the services of Ned Chalker, the caretaker (formerly a great

prize-fighter in Sydney, and a very big, powerful man) to show us this cave. He was very anxious to get through the hole, but, unfortunately, stuck in it when half-way through. Judge Wise strongly urged us to get him back, and as I, among others was inside, I felt rather alarmed at having the exit blocked, and persisted that we could never get him through. So we who were inside pushed, and the others on the outside pulled, until, to my great relief, we succeeded in extricating him. He must have been rather bruised, but, from his former profession, was, perhaps, used to that.

Since those days, a cave has been discovered, which I visited on my last trip to the Wombeyan, some thirty years ago, surpassing, in parts, anything that can be imagined in beauty and curiosity.

Following down the gully and the water-course which passes through the "Church" for about a mile, one comes to a high hill. Some distance up the side, there is an opening, which one would hardly notice, or think of entering. This is the entrance-way. Going down from here, some fifteen or twenty feet, by the aid of a rope, then along for some yards, another fall is met with, deeper and more perpendicular. At the bottom of this is a passage, perhaps ten or twelve feet wide, with high walls and a level, clean sandy floor. The petrified skeletons of a native dog and a wallaby were to be seen here. After travelling a good way, there is a turn, and suddenly a remarkable sight presents itself. The passage has become much wider, and on the left hand there rises a projecting block of stone. From the upper part, which is at least fifteen feet high, a large quantity of lime, looking like hundreds of tons of flour, has slipped down towards the back and hardened, leaving a clean, white surface. The water, impregnated with lime, has trickled over this mass and wherever there has been a slight indentation has encrusted the edge with hard lime. As the cells have

enlarged, the water has risen and thus a series of basins have been formed, very similar to swallows' nests. At the lower part of the sloping mass there are a number of small nests or cells. As one ascends they increase in size. They are level on the top, forming a half circle, and half an inch in thickness. One feels most anxious to climb to the summit, but is reluctant to soil or bruise so beautiful and delicate a work of Nature. At last, with boots removed and taking every care to do no harm, the ascent is made, when a most wonderful sight is witnessed, one never to be forgotten.

The upper part of the mass is all honeycombed with large basin-like cells, fitting close together. They are from four to six feet each in diameter, but vary somewhat, and are from three to five feet in depth; the walls from four to six inches thick throughout and formed, no doubt, from the matter floating on the edges of the lime water. I do not recollect the number—perhaps a dozen or so. There was no water in them at the time of my visit. It would percolate through the lime, hardened as it was. In a wet period, probably, they would be full of water. In order to examine these curious structures one had to crawl along the walls of the basins and it was necessary to take great care lest any of them might be broken. On the other side of the projecting rock loose lime had also fallen down and hardened, but no cells had been formed. Leaving this wonderful spot and walking along another passage, fifty yards or so, one comes upon another natural treasure, of a different character from the former; perhaps, even more beautiful.

This is a perfect show-room of stalactites and stalagmites clustered together. It would be vain even to try to describe their shapes, forms, and beauty. Looking at them, first, in a large recess of the cave, they seem like a mass of most delicate white statuary, reaching from top to bottom. Some are perfectly transparent; some like long spars, hardly thicker

than a needle, hanging down perpendicularly; some like crystals. Here and there a lovely stalactite tapers down to a delicate point whence lime water is falling, drop by drop, and building up a stalagmite beneath, to meet it, perhaps, in some century yet to come. There are no rough or uncouth-looking forms among them, nor any so large as to spoil the effect. One cannot imagine how the dripping lime water, even in the course of thousands of years, could have formed these fantastic shapes.

This remarkable cave continues for some distance and then there is another fall of still greater depth. Some members of the party with whom I visited it were let down by a rope, but, so far as they went, nothing interesting presented itself.

Where all these chasms and subterranean passages lead to no-one, I believe, has yet discovered.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER returning from Burrowa I remained at home at Denbigh for about two years, riding over to Ellerslie three days a week to read with the Rev. R. Forrest, in preparation for the work of the Ministry. There was no Sydney University in those days, and circumstances were no longer such as would have enabled my father to send me to an English University.

Times had changed very much in the early forties. The gold discovery was yet to be. Convict labour had ceased and free labour was scarce, making it difficult for settlers to work their properties. The Bank of Australia had failed, money was very scarce, and stock had fallen in price to an extremely low figure.

Unlimited liability was then the hard lot of the bank shareholder. The gentle art of limited liability, if it had been discovered at all, had not been mastered by the guileless Australian. My father was a shareholder in the Bank of Australia and had to sell two or three properties to pay his calls. One of these was a nice little farm on the Hawkesbury, which had belonged to his father. Another was Mulgowrie, the cattle-station at the Crookwell before mentioned. He had given up farming on his own account, years before, but part of the Denbigh property was leased out to tenant farmers.

My father had, some years before, purchased about 4000 acres of land at the Oaks, about eight miles from Camden. We had a number of horses and some cattle grazing here,

which I took charge of, and I often went there mustering the stock. We had two stockmen at first; afterwards only the one. It was a great pleasure to me to start, sometimes at four o'clock in the morning, from home, now and then with a young friend or two, to run in horses. The country was very hilly and many a narrow escape I have had in galloping down the ranges. I never had a fall myself, but we had a rule that if anyone fell the others were to watch whether he got up again and if he did they must keep on the chase. I once saw the stockman shot over a bank ten feet high. He was on his feet again at once, but another man, watching him instead of minding himself, went flying up against a tree. He, too, was able to get off the ground, so I kept on after the horses until they were knocked up. They were wild and had never been yarded.

Sometimes we would camp out for the night if we had some new chums with us. I fear we did not let them sleep much.

I had some good kangaroo dogs and occasionally we had some hunting. Once we were out in a barren scrubby country, with two of my cousins and, riding in all directions after kangaroos, had given no thought to our whereabouts. I asked where home was. All said, "Right before us." I looked at my compass and said, "It is right behind us." My cousins turned pale, for it was no joke to be lost in the country above Burragorang. A person, some years before, had been lost for three days. The stockman, who was a good bushman, said, "Well, sir, if you say home is that way, you must take the lead, for I cannot." We had some rough country to cross, and did not know where we were until the stockman exclaimed, "Why, we are on our own run!"

My experience in the Oaks, where I have sometimes had to spend fourteen hours, at a stretch, in the saddle, came

in very useful indeed to me, by-and-by, when I was a bush parson. It is something, even in the humbler literal sense, for a man to "know his way about."

In the year 1845, Bishop Broughton formed in Sydney the nucleus of a college for divinity students. At this time I had been reading, for a year or two, with Mr. Forrest, Greek and the other subjects usually studied in the course of the preparation for Holy Orders, with the exception of Divinity.

The Reverend Canon Allwood was appointed principal and a number of the Sydney clergy lecturers. The Revs. W. Walsh, —. Sconce, and J. Grills I recollect as among those who took part in the work.

The Reverend C. Kemp, curate of St. James's, who lived in the old parsonage of that church, at the corner of King and Macquarie streets, undertook to board three of us who joined the college—George F. Macarthur, C. D. F. Priddle, and myself. Another student, George Gregory, lived with his own family, in Macquarie-street. The Reverend P. Agnew, who had been a Congregational Minister, Mr. Chapman, late of Morpeth, and Thomas Wilkinson, attended the lectures for a time and were ordained by Bishop Broughton. Mr. Cheyne, who also joined us, was afterwards ordained by the Bishop of Melbourne, and was appointed to Castlemaine, Victoria.

Mr. Cheyne, at the time he became a student was already a married man with a family of seven children. He was a nephew of Dean Macartney of Melbourne, and a son of Dr. Cheyne of Dublin, a famous physician in his day, whose least fee for visiting a patient living any distance from town was said to be two hundred guineas.

About the same time at which the College was founded, through the exertions of Bishop Broughton and by means of his surrender of £500 per annum of his own stipend, together

with the contributions of £10,000 subscribed in England and a like sum in Australia, five new Australian dioceses were founded and Bishops consecrated. These were: Newcastle, Bishop Tyrrell; New Zealand, Bishop Selwyn; Melbourne, Bishop Perry; Adelaide, Bishop Short; and Tasmania, Bishop Nixon.

Sir Charles Fitzroy arrived in Sydney as Governor about this time and a great discussion was being carried on in Parliament with reference to the National School question. It was a grand sight to see Bishop Broughton, with his leading clergy around him, addressing the Legislative Assembly from the Bar of the House, against the Bill. He spoke for two hours without faltering in a word, and was ably replied to by the celebrated Robert Lowe.

In the beginning of 1847, the college was removed from St. James's Parsonage to Lyndhurst, at the Glebe. Several secular students were then admitted, among whom I may mention, James Chisholm, Herbert Gregory (afterwards Rector of All Saints', St. Kilda, Victoria), E. K. Cox, Marr, Galloway, Kemp, my brother George Hassall, and F. Foster.

Canon Allwood continued as principal and Mrs. Allwood presided over the domestic affairs. The new college was opened with a dinner, given by the Bishop, at which the Governor, the Campbells (of Campbell's Wharf), and many other leading Sydney men were present.

The house, Lyndhurst, which had been built by Dr. Bowman, was a splendid one for those times, with extensive grounds, facing Johnson's Bay.

We had a four-oared gig, in which we used often to pull down to Fort-street and back within the hour. Altogether, we had a very happy and enjoyable time there; though we worked hard, too, at old Pearson, Paley, and Burnett, the Greek Testament, and other studies. Once a week we each took a sermon of our own composition to Bishop Broughton,

at Darlinghurst. He would look them over by the following week, make his comments on them then, and give us two hours' profitable instruction on various subjects. A good dinner followed, in the pleasant company of Mrs. Broughton and her two daughters. Afterwards the Bishop sent us home in his carriage.

Though so many years have passed and I have met so many estimable people, I still have the idea that Bishop Broughton, Canon Allwood, and the Reverend Robert Forrest, were the best men I have ever known.

It was by Bishop Broughton, I feel assured, that the foundation of the Church of England in Australia was firmly laid. He was far-seeing and of sound judgment. He never seemed to do anything for expediency, but always to work for the ages to come.

He was a strict Churchman, perhaps too much so for a new country. I remember his once taking some baptisms in the bush during one of his long visitations, and when several persons wished to take the opportunity—the only one, perhaps, they had ever had—of having their children baptized, his refusing to accept them without the prescribed number of sponsors. One of the parents, consequently, went outside and said, "I will give five shillings to anyone who will stand for my child." Several persons offered to take the bribe and the child was baptized. Little did the good Bishop suspect the harm he had done.

He also objected to children being baptized in private houses if within ten miles of a church. This rule has in many cases prevented me from baptizing children in the bush, who otherwise would have been received into the Christian Church.

The Bishop was particular, likewise, that the clergy should wear their proper clerical black dress, especially in his presence.

I knew a clergyman who went, once, to meet the Bishop as he drove towards his parish. Instead of giving him a hearty welcome when they met, the Bishop said sternly, "I do not know you, Mr. S." "I am Mr. S., the clergyman," was the reply. "I do not know you, Mr. S.," the Bishop repeated. Mr. S. found out at last that the reason of his cold reception was his wearing a white suit of clothes, which the Bishop regarded as by no means a becoming dress on the occasion.

The Bishop, nevertheless, was most kind and thoughtful towards the clergy, and although he was possessed of arbitrary powers and was able to move his clergy when and where he chose, I think few had cause to complain of any harshness.

When the Rev. W. B. Clarke, the eminent geologist, arrived in the colony, Bishop Broughton drove him to Parramatta one morning, in his carriage, as he intended to place him at once in that district. When about to return that same afternoon, the Bishop said to him, "Can I do anything for you in Sydney, Mr. Clarke?" "No, my lord," replied Mr. Clarke, discovering for the first time that the Bishop meant to leave him where he was, "unless you will frank me up a clean shirt." (The Bishop had the privilege of franking letters in those days, when postage was very high.) "No, Mr. Clarke," replied the Bishop, "I think I can scarcely do that." Neither did he take the hint Mr. Clarke intended to convey, that he was not prepared to stay.

The Reverend Robert Allwood, Principal of St. James's College, was born in the West Indies. He was certainly one of the best scholars we have ever had in Australia. His Greek lectures are said to have been equal to any delivered at the English Universities. He was also well-read in all ecclesiastical subjects.

He was of a retiring disposition, and when offered the Bishopric of Newcastle declined it. He felt that he was not

physically strong enough for the arduous work of a travelling bishop ; his health at the time being by no means robust ; though, afterwards it was restored and he lived to a good old age. He was long the beloved Rector of St. James's, Sydney. No young men could have had a better preceptor or guide in preparing for the Ministry, than we had in the Reverend Robert Allwood.

When I was at the college the Venerable Archdeacon Cowper was still devotedly carrying on his work at St. Philip's, where he had already laboured for forty years ; the Reverend W. Walsh was an earnest worker at Christ Church ; the Reverend J. Grills, who had previously taken duty in Melbourne, was at Holy Trinity, Fort-street ; and the Reverend Mr. Sconce had the temporary cathedral, a wooden building, now for many years past superseded by St. Andrew's Cathedral.

About the time of the "Oxford movement," when Newman and others withdrew from the Church of England, Mr. Sconce, with the Reverend Thomas Makinson, to the great sorrow of Bishop Broughton and their other Sydney friends, seceded to the Church of Rome.

In March, 1848, Macarthur, Priddle, and myself were ordained Deacons, in St. Andrew's temporary Cathedral. As G. Gregory was too young, he had to wait another year for ordination. Gregory was remarkably clever and had a wonderful memory, but he was very simple in worldly matters and consequently suffered from many jokes, which he generally took in good part.

The secessions to the Church of Rome, before referred to, took place at this time, and in consequence of my old schoolmaster, the Reverend Thomas Makinson's change of creed I was appointed his successor as *locum tenens* at St. Peter's, Cook's River. Macarthur and Priddle became curates under Canon Allwood, at St. James's Church, Sydney.

My parish, in those days, included Newtown, Botany, Cook's and George's rivers, Petersham, Canterbury, and George's Hall, within three miles of Liverpool. The population was then comparatively small. There was but one house in all Petersham, the old residence of Dr. Wardell, its former owner, who, I believe, was shot there by a bushranger. Nevertheless, I had very hard work in that scattered district, and, as if that were not enough, I was put in charge, as chaplain, of the Benevolent Asylum, near the present Redfern Railway Station. It was filled, for the most part, with old convicts, men and women. Several times I was sent for in the middle of the night to visit dying inmates—a ride of eight miles there and back.

I must say, I never have had since a worse class of people to deal with than were some of the old fisherman at Botany, and the charcoal-burners between George's and Cook's rivers (although afterwards I was a gaol chaplain for fifteen years.) The district was as wild and godless a place as I have ever known, although so near Sydney. Still, I have baptized as many as eight children at a time from one family, and had the satisfaction of starting a school there with forty children, and another at Canterbury with as many more.

The difficulties in the way of establishing schools were, at that time, very great. There was no Government grant, with the exception of certain small sums dispensed through the Bishop, who had the appointment of Church of England teachers. Teachers, too, were scarce, and it was by no means easy to make sure of their character and fitness. On one occasion, for example, a teacher being needed for Canterbury, the Bishop suggested that I should make enquiries about a man who had applied to him for a school, mentioning that he had come to the colony some four years previously, in such-and-such a ship, and that I might be able to learn

something of his character from his shipmates. I got a list of the passengers but the trouble was to find them. In despair I made up my mind, at last, to ask the first man I might chance to meet in George-street, Sydney, whether he could direct me to any of them. I did so and fortunately, as it seemed to me, he told me of two. I interviewed them, but they were not able to say much in the man's favour; the Bishop, however, took him and we had a good school the first week. On the following Monday he was off "on the spree" and I had to take the school myself.

The children had never been to school before, and, I must say, I would sooner have been in a stock-yard with as many unbroken colts. Luckily I obtained another teacher, who proved a very suitable man, and who continued to keep up the school for years after I had left the parish and was still there when last I heard of it. At these parish schools, besides the salary received from the Bishop, there were school-fees paid to the teacher, from threepence to sixpence a week, if I recollect aright, by each pupil.

At Bexley, between Cook's and George's rivers, I had the assistance of Messrs. Chard, Norris, and P. Thompson, in working up a school and getting together a small congregation.

My Sunday services were held at St. Peter's, Cook's River, at 11 a.m., at Botany at 3 p.m., and at Canterbury at 7 p.m.

I often had to ride home on pitch-dark nights through Petersham bush, and never saw a track but was able to trust to my horse, which always brought me safe home. At first I was charged at the Petersham gate and again at the town toll-bar, but it became expensive, passing, as I did, almost daily, and I soon gave up paying, as I was entitled to do, on the plea that a clergyman by law was exempt from toll.

I had what was a very snug little parsonage for a bachelor, adjoining St. Peter's Church, and generally employed old

servants who had lived with my father. One of these, the American negro before referred to, who lived with us for fifty years, came to me for a change, but could not manage so small a household. One day I saw him coming in with a quantity of beef-steak. "How much meat have you there, Charlie?" said I. "Six pounds, sir," he replied. "What do you want with so much for two of us?" I asked. "Oh," said he, "it looks so shabby to take less." I thought it better for him to go home again to Denbigh.

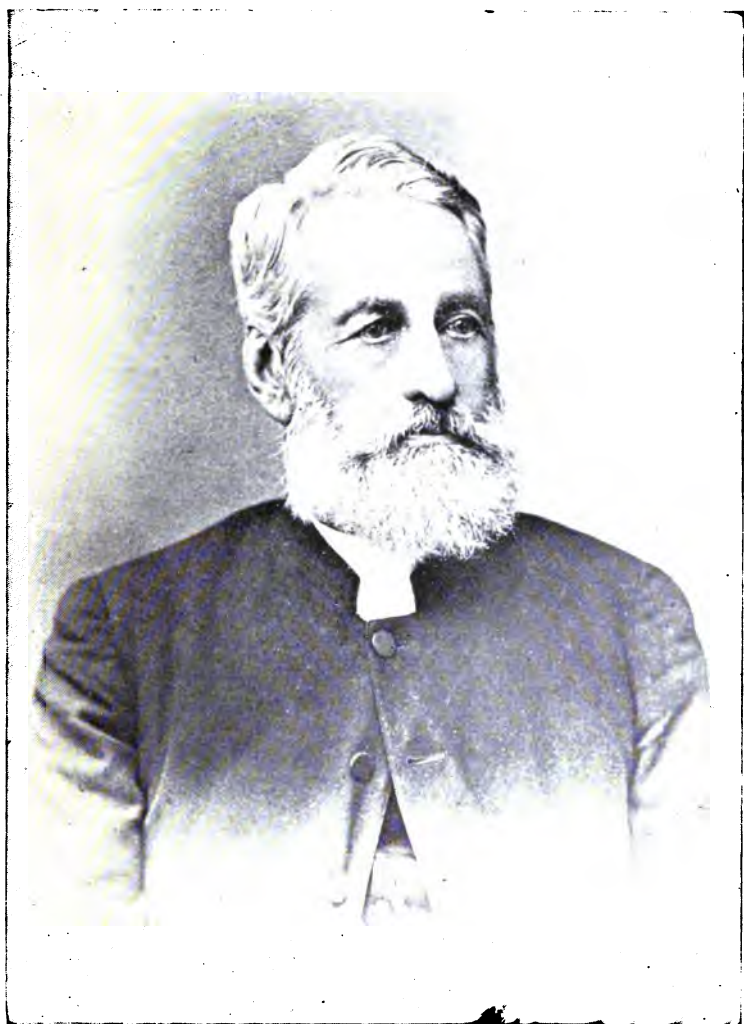
For the sake of company I took a boarder, Mr. W. Throsby, who assisted me, too, in house expenses. From nursing a friend he, unfortunately, took scarlet fever and in spite of all that could be done for him by three doctors, Dr. Hill (who was his uncle) and Drs. O'Brien and Bland, he died in my house. It was very sad that his family, who lived at Throsby Park, Bong Bong, were unable to come to see him for fear of spreading the infection. They were very kind to me, as were also the Bishop and all the parishioners, when I myself was, shortly afterwards, laid up with the same fever. My mother and my sister came to me, too, and it was a great comfort to have them.

It is always a pleasure to me to look back on my stay at Cook's River. I could not have kinder-hearted or better friends than were many of my parishioners there. Among the number I may mention Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Sparkes and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fanning, with Mrs. Fanning's sister, Miss Heathern, who afterwards married the famous Professor Huxley, and Mr. and Mrs. Breilat and their daughters.

I had the misfortune, by the way, on one occasion to be one of a number who incurred Mrs. Breilat's displeasure—justly, no doubt. One day a party of us went for a ride to George's River, the Miss Breilats being of the company. We did not return till rather late—about dusk and the other men of the party went their ways, leaving me to see the ladies

home. Mrs. Breilat had been anxious about the delay and when we presented ourselves she—as naturally a mother would do—reprimanded her daughters for staying out so late. I made excuses for them and said it was the gentlemen who were to blame. The reply was, “I do not blame the gentlemen at all—*they* are *always* fools.” After this I made myself scarce.

The Duguids, the Unwins, the bachelors, Messrs. Gill and Horace Darvall, and many more were all kind and true friends, besides so many Sydney people, that I much regretted leaving St. Peter’s parish.



THE REV. J. S. HASSALL.

Ordained by the Rt. Rev. W. G. Broughton, D.D., first Bishop of Sydney, 1848.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN I had been about eighteen months at St. Peter's, Cook's River, Bishop Broughton sent for me and told me that the leave granted to Dr. Steele, whose *locum tenens* I was, would shortly expire, that most likely he would not return to the colony, and that, if he did not the Bishop would appoint me incumbent if I would accept the office. He offered me, at the same time, as an alternative, the incumbency of several country districts to choose from. One of these was O'Connell Plains, near Bathurst, where my father had considerable property. My desire was for bush work, and I decided upon Bungonia, about twenty miles from Goulburn, with a district to travel over of about a hundred miles in length and fifty in breadth. The income was £300 a year, and there was a large stone-built parsonage, with forty acres of good land. The Government gave a glebe of this extent to all country parishes then.

The Reverend G. Napoleon Woodd, who was incumbent of Bungonia at the time, consented to take St. Peter's, Cook's River, temporarily, because there he "would be so much nearer to England," where he intended returning, and because of his distaste for riding and for bush work generally.

When I left for my new district, in August 1849, Bishop Broughton handed me a cheque for £25, remarking that I might have some extra expenses to meet in connection with my removal. The Bishop was strict in Church matters but was always good to his clergy.

I had some excellent horses of my own, which I took with me, and I had engaged a team to bring my furniture

and goods from Cook's River, a hundred-and-thirty miles distant, but owing to floods had to wait six weeks for its arrival. In the meantime, however, I engaged as servant an old fellow, called, from a station near Braidwood where he had shepherded for years, Jamie "Cumbeane." The house was quite empty and bare, so we bought a "billy"-can and a frying-pan and cooked our beef-steak and made our tea, drinking it out of pint-pots. I also bought a couple of cows—at thirty shillings apiece—and we had plenty of milk. Every time we sat down to a meal Jamie would tell me the story of the misfortune brought upon him by the drinking of milk. In old times, he said, the shepherds on the station where he was a hand—assigned convicts—were given milk instead of their ration allowance of tea and sugar. The milk he drank used to make him so drowsy that he would go off to sleep and lose his sheep. Then he was marched off to Court and ordered fifty lashes.

At night I used to ride over to the Styleses' house for a bed. The Styleses were among the very kindest people I have ever known and most fortunate it was for me that they were so. The change from the warm Sydney climate to that of Goulburn in August, when, besides cold westerly winds there was a good deal of frost and snow, proved rather trying to me. I became ill and had to lie up for some days and was very thankful to be in such good hands as those in which I found myself at the Styleses'.

I now commenced a thorough bush life. As a bachelor—for nearly a year I had no home ties—my parish, my district, rather, was my home. I visited all the stations, and every dwelling, for hundreds of miles round, and arranged for the holding of Divine Service in, I believe, by degrees, fifteen different localities.

I had some advantages which most other clergymen were without, in having been used to the saddle from my boyhood

and to finding my way about in the bush, and also in having excellent horses, some of them bred by myself; so that travelling was no hardship or trouble to me.

I used to ride six or seven miles an hour and always took my horse in fresh, as well as myself—sometimes fifty and sixty miles a day, and, once, eighty miles between 7 a.m. and 7 p.m. On this last occasion, though, I was in search of a lost horse, which I found, when I changed and had a fresh one for the last forty miles. My diary for the first year showed that I had ridden about five hundred miles per month; the total was a hundred-and-fifty short of six thousand miles. My father used to be called “the galloping parson,” because he rode so much, and it might seem from the above record that I must have been always in the saddle; but such was not the case. I never hurried away from the stations, often stayed a day or two to visit the shepherds and other station people, and when I called would have a pot of tea and some beef and damper and, I hope, a profitable chat with the lonely shepherd or hutkeeper. Sometimes I would collect money for schools and religious purposes and get a pound from the shepherd and ten shillings from the station owner. Often I would sleep at a shepherd’s hut and the man would divide his blankets with me and give me his own bed if I had been willing to take it. But give me my saddle or valise for a pillow and I could sleep anywhere in those days. Indeed, to this day, I have never lain awake all night in my life.

Even if it were a hardship to rough it in such places there is no greater privilege on earth than for a minister to be able to go to such people as these simple-minded old shepherds and teach them of the love of Christ and the great salvation he has offered to them.

Bungonia was an old Government township, before Goulburn was thought of, on the old road from Marulan to

Braidwood, seventeen miles on the Sydney side of Goulburn. It was surrounded by the properties of Lieutenant Futter (Lumley), Dr. Reid (Inverary), Mr., afterwards Sir Francis Murphy (Jacqua), Mr. R. Styles (Reevesdale), Mr. Mitchell (Brisbane Meadow), Mr. Barber (Glenrock), and my uncles-in-law, Mr. R. Campbell (Wingello), and Mr. W. Shelley (Grampian Hills.)

These early settlers, all but one or two, had died or left the district before my time, but the properties were occupied by their families, or others, who always gave me a cordial welcome.

From Marulan, in an opposite direction, other old families resided—the Stuckeys of Longreach, most hospitable people, and the two brothers Jamieson, of Greenwich Park. The Jamiesons married two sisters, the Miss Hillases of Bunnaby, some years after I went to Bungonia, the Reverend Mr. Sowerby and myself performing the ceremony.

Major Lockyer, of Lockyersleigh, another neighbour, was no less a pioneer and worker in bygone days. There was Lockyer's line of road to Bathurst, through O'Connell Plains, before Major Mitchell with his iron-gangs, in 1832, cut the Mount Victoria Pass and carried the road over Mount Lambie into Bathurst.

Some distance on the other side of the Wollandilly was Chatsworth Station, owned then by Charles (afterwards Sir Charles) Cowper, and also Ryanna. Mention of Ryanna recalls to mind an amusing attention paid me once by a raw Irishman who was groom there.

My wife and I called one day—we were riding—and when we had taken leave of our hostess I helped Mrs. Hassall on to her horse, in the usual way, with my hand under her foot. When I was about to mount myself I found the groom pulling at my foot. "Sure," he said, "I thought ye'd want me to help ye on the horse the way ye helped the lady."

On another occasion a groom asked me to let him have my "policeman" to strap on my saddle. It turned out that what he was after was my valise.

It was not a groom though, nor any man at all, but a woman who in answer to my enquiries one day, whilst riding in densely-timbered country, as to the way I should go, bade me "Follow the track but mind to turn off at *the biggest tree!*"

At Bungonia my plan with regard to the visitation of the parish was to take a round in one part of the district for a week or two, then go on to another part, and so on until all had been visited. Mrs. Threadgold, who years before, when I entered the King's School, was there as housekeeper, was now one of my parishioners, living on a snug farm, with a son and two fine grown-up daughters. Her husband said to me on one of my visits, "Why do you not come and see us oftener?" "Oftener than other parishioners?" I asked. "Oh, no; that would not be fair." "Well," I replied, "how far do you think I shall have to ride before my next turn comes round to visit you?" "I am sure I do not know. I never looked upon it in that light." "I cannot be here again," I said, "under a thousand-mile ride." He was astonished and said he would never ask me again to come but would be glad to see me whenever I was able to pass that way.

After visiting Jacqua, at this time in the occupation of Captain Williamson, Tunn's, and Threadgold's, passing on through a few farms and along a creek with some splendid waterholes in it, one came to Windellema, where were two Cartwright brothers, sons of the Rev. R. Cartwright, one of our earliest clergymen. Both were married and had comfortable homes, one of them a large family, the other no children. I held stated services in the house of the latter and used to have a good congregation from the neighbourhood.

A few miles to the east was Budjong where a very nice old couple lived, the parents of Sir Daniel Cooper. Mr. Cooper being an old English farmer preferred the simple country life his wife and he were able to lead there to being in a town. Afterwards when old age began to tell upon them they removed to Sydney. I officiated at the marriage of one of their daughters. Another had married a Dr. Cropper, who managed Sir Daniel's property at Lake Bathurst, some eight or ten miles away. A monthly round which I used to take was to Lake Bathurst, about twenty miles from Bungonia, calling at Dr. Strong's (Cookaburra) and Mr. Kenyon's (Bronte.) At one time, years before, some very wild young fellows lived at Cookaburra. On one occasion, when the Rev. Mr. Vincent of Sutton Forest paid them a visit they took him up as he dismounted, set him in the saddle again with his face to the horse's tail, and started him back whence he came. I believe they were not sober, though, at the time or the thing would not have happened.

I once met a man who some years before started in the bush with thirty head of store cattle. He first exchanged a cow and calf for a sow and nine young pigs and gave them the fresh milk from the cows. In time he made bacon and sold it in Sydney, taking back stores and dairy utensils. He was, he told me, so hard-up that he cut up a blanket to make a pair of trousers. With the dairy he made butter and sold it in Sydney, clearing in time £200, with which he purchased 100 sheep at £2 per head. From this humble start he became a wealthy man. I also met with others who started with one or two flocks of sheep and became station owners.

Dr. Cropper and his family were always most kind to me. After sleeping the night here we had Divine Service in the morning, after which I went on to Tarrago, the residence of Admiral Gore, where afternoon service was held.

The Gores were members of an old Devonshire family. Mrs. Gore had been bedridden from rheumatism for nine years, but was always lively and happy. A son and two daughters lived with their parents. Another son, Lieutenant Graham Gore, was lost with Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions. The remains of the explorers were found after twenty years, and with other relics, a silver spoon with his initials, which had belonged to Lieutenant Gore. The British Government paid all back salaries to the friends of the deceased and the Gore family received a large sum of money, which was a godsend to them at the time.

From Admiral Gore's I went to Mr. Faithfull's for evening service. He and his family were great friends of mine. Next day I went on to Goulburn for a day or two to my old friend, Rev. W. Sowerby, since Dean.

Mr. Faithfull once made some silos, which he shewed me, bought up all the wheat he could get in the Goulburn district, at one-and-sixpence a bushel, and stored it in these, and, when there was a drought, three years after, sold out at fifteen shillings a bushel.

Mr. Faithfull told me of a rather remarkable circumstance in connection with the sale of this particular quantity of wheat.

He had been offered fifteen shillings a bushel for the wheat and had refused it. Afterwards he was reading the Bible—in the Book of Proverbs—when he came upon the passage, "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it." He took the words as an admonition to himself, for he had declared that he would not sell under a pound a bushel, and immediately drove into Goulburn and sold all the wheat he had to the millers there at fifteen shillings a bushel. They sent drays at once and carted it away, but before they had sold the last of the flour from it two ships

came in from New York with a cargo of wheat and the price fell to six shillings a bushel.

Mr. Faithfull may be looked upon as a good example of our earliest colonial native-born, and his sons as types of the class of men we have recently enlisted in our Contingents for South Africa. Some of my elder readers may remember the account given in the papers some thirty-five or forty years ago of an encounter between the Faithfulls and a gang of bushrangers.

To go back to my clerical trip from which I have so far digressed: I usually rode into Goulburn on the Monday, to see my dear old friend Dean Sowerby, Mr. and Mrs. Rossi, and others, and took a day or two's rest. Once, from some cause which I do not remember, I started for Lake Bathurst on a Sunday morning to hold service, and, instead of going on as usual, returned to Bungonia, where I found a message awaited me asking me to visit a man who had that day had his back broken by a large piece of rock falling upon him from the roof of a cave in the Shoalhaven gullies. It was a ride of seven miles on a rough bush road and the night was pitch dark but I managed to get to him in time. The poor fellow was suffering dreadful pain and died the next day. When I reached home it was one o'clock in the morning and as I had ridden forty miles during the day before starting to see the injured man I think this was, perhaps, my hardest day's work while living at Bungonia.

My old friend George Gregory, who had been with us at St. James's College, was appointed to the district of Duntroon, where the Campbells of Campbell's Wharf had a large station of the name. He had to pass through Bungonia on his way from Sydney and persuaded me to accompany him as far as Bungendore.

We first went to Lake Bathurst, and stayed the night at Dr. Cropper's. Next morning we reached Mr. Hugh Gordon's

of Manaar. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were old friends of mine. When I was a boy I used to think Mr. Gordon one of the nicest and kindest gentlemen I had ever met. At that time he was a bachelor, and lived at Westwood, near our home at Denbigh. He married Miss Mary Macarthur, daughter of Hannibal Macarthur of Parramatta. When as a boy at the King's School I used to go with some of my schoolfellows to The Vineyard on a holiday, Miss Macarthur, being a little older than we, used to consider us as under her charge and was very good to us.

We had dinner at Manaar and Mr. Gordon and his son rode with us about seven miles to put us on our way to Gidley, a station where my old schoolfellow Fred King was manager for his father. Mr. Gordon gave us particular directions about the road we were to take, but I thoughtlessly left Mr. Gregory to take them whilst I was talking with little Hugh Gordon, instead of listening as I ought to have done.

After we had said good-bye and were proceeding on our way, I said to my friend, "What did Mr. Gordon say about the road?" "I don't know," he replied, "I am no bushman. I did not pay attention." I felt in a fix but as Mr. Gregory said he remembered that we should pass a sheep station I thought we could get directions there. When we came to the place, however, there was not a soul about and it was getting too late to look for a shepherd. "Did not Mr. Gordon say we should come to an open flat?" I enquired, "and should turn down a track?" "Yes, I remember his saying so," was the reply. "Which way?" I asked, "to the right or the left?" "Oh, I don't know," he said. Unfortunately, we took to the right, and ought to have taken the left. We had thirteen miles to go from Manaar and as we rode on and on I began to fear that we had exceeded the distance. It began to grow dark, but we were in good

open country. At last Gregory said, "I have some matches, if we should get lost." I was disposed to be cross and told him he should have attended to Mr. Gordon's directions, which rather offended him. Presently we saw the frame of a hut, in the dark, and rising ground before us, so I had hopes that we should find the house we were bound for at the top of the hill.

The place proved to be a deserted sheep station and we had to make up our minds to camp for the night. After unearthing the matches from the bottom of one of a pair of well-packed saddle-bags, we picked up some stringy bark and made a torch with which to examine the place. The old hut, we found, was too dirty to enter, but we discovered a small stack-yard with plenty of straw and a small stack of unthreshed barley. So we unsaddled the horses and took them to the yard, where they fed all night.

We next found a small dairy about eight feet by six. It was partly underground, but dry and clean so we took in some bundles of straw, made a fire outside, and lay down to sleep. My friend Gregory was delighted with our quarters and said he would not care about having lost our way if he had only had his tea. I remarked that he had had a dinner in the afternoon, at Manaar, that ought to last him until the next day. He replied that he had never gone without his tea in his life, and did not like to miss it.

We soon went to sleep but I awoke, after a while, very cold for it was a frosty night—the first of May, 1850. I had left my greatcoat at Lake Bathurst but Gregory had his—a very warm one and I thought I had better have a share of it. I woke him up and asked him to get some wood and put it on the fire, and he went outside to do so, as he was very good-natured. I knew, however, that he would get no wood, for he had a great dread of centipedes and scorpions and never would pick up a piece of wood off the ground

for fear of being stung. He came back and told me he could not find any wood. "Never mind," I said, "put up your coat at the doorway," for there was no door to the place. "Capital plan," said he. The coat was soon off his back, but there were no nails or any fastening to hold it up. "Oh, throw it over us," I said, he did so, and we were soon asleep again. He awoke at daylight with the cold and found that, unfortunately (for him) I had all the coat well tucked-in around me. We got up at once, saddled our horses, and started again for Gidley.

I knew where we had made the mistake, and went direct towards the house. To make sure, I examined some horses we passed and found the K brand on them. When we reached the house, to my disgust my friend shouted out, "Is this Mr. King's place?" when immediately a dozen or twenty shearers rushed out of their huts to see what strangers could want at that time in the morning.

We found Mr. King in bed, in consequence of a fall from a horse the day before. He soon rose, however, and we had a hearty breakfast together, after which he accompanied us to Bungendore, to Mr. Nat. Powell's.

Gregory went on to Queanbeyan and I returned to Bungonia. Some months after, to my great sorrow and that of many more, my friend was drowned in the Murrumbidgee. He was one of five Church of England clergymen who suffered death by drowning within a few years' time.

I visited Manaar again, during the next year, with Mrs. Hassall, on our way to Braidwood. We also visited the Coghill family, who had been very kind to my wife when she was a child.

On another occasion I stayed a night at the Major's Creek diggings with my old friend Mr. Commissioner King, and there met Mr. John Douglas, the sub-commissioner, afterwards well known in Queensland public affairs, and now Government Resident at Thursday Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas were very kind and helpful to me when I came to Queensland in 1873.

CHAPTER IX.

AT times I had some very good company at Bungonia. Good Bishop Broughton spent a few days with me in my roomy, bachelor parsonage once, when he was on his way home to Sydney after a long visitation through the Murrumbidgee district. One day, during his stay, there was rather a nice ham on the table, and the Bishop said, "May I ask where you got that ham?" I replied that I had fed and cured it myself. "I ask," said the Bishop, "because I have not tasted ham or pork for a long while, on account of the pigs being fed, generally, at boiling-down establishments."

At that time cattle and sheep were being killed for their fat alone. There was no market for the surplus stock.

The Bishop enjoyed the ham, also a young wild turkey served with it and I took care that he should have his usual cheese and glass of port after dinner. It was a great pleasure to have him as my guest, especially with the many pleasant remembrances I had of his hospitality from the time my student-days began.

He asked me if it were true that I was about to be married and when I replied that it was, he said, "The sooner the better. Life is very short." He had lost his wife—"Sally," he always called her—a few months before; one of the kindest and best women I have ever known.

Dr. Nicholson, at that time one of the leading men in Sydney, who returned to England where he died some time ago at a great age, was also one of my visitors, and I took him for a ride to the Shoalhaven gullies.

The Rev. W. B. Clarke, the famous geologist, was another. I don't think I ever enjoyed any visit more than his.

Mr. Clarke had been appointed by the Government to inspect the gold mines of the colony—in September 1851 I think it was. Gold had been discovered some few months before and diggings were “breaking out” in all directions; the Ophir, Sofala, and Turon, in the west, Major's Creek, near Braidwood, in the south, and other places.

Mr. Clarke sent on a man with a spring-cart and “outrigger” (second horse geared alongside the one in the shafts) and overtook it by coach at Morulan, and came on to Bungonia, cracking stones all the way, in his geological ardour. He reached the parsonage about sun-down, quite weary, indeed he seemed to be “knocked up.” While waiting, however, for some refreshment he caught sight of a piece of sandstone, with shells embedded in it, on the mantelpiece. “Where did you get this?” he enquired. “About a mile or so from here,” I replied. It could not be so, he thought, but I convinced him that I had picked it up where I said. “Can you take me to the place?” he asked then. “Yes,” I said, “I will drive you there to-morrow.” “Oh, but can't we go now?” he asked. The end of it was that I had to get the trap and drive him to the spot as soon as he had had something to eat. I told him, before we went, that I doubted whether I should be able to bring him home again in the dark, but he would go, and once we got to the place he collected stones as long as he was able to see them. He was well repaid, from a geological point of view, for his labour, but we had some trouble to get safely past stumps and stones on our way home.

The Rev. W. B. Clarke's main object, in coming to Bungonia, was to explore the Shoalhaven gullies which pass within five miles of the place. So I drove him out with his man and his paraphernalia. His first delight was to

collect fossils from the mass of limestone, in which they abounded. Then we went to see one of the caves, existing there as is usual in limestone country. The one we entered was a deep crevice in the limestone, that I had often visited with picnic parties. On one of these visits I tied several candles to a stick with a number of branches, lit them, and lowered them with a long string. The crevice was about five feet wide, but as the light descended some feet we found it shine up far behind us, showing that we were standing, simply, on a stone or rock, jammed in the crevice, which might give way with our weight, at any moment. The ladies of our party were out of the cave at a bound. I could reach no bottom with my string. Mr. Clarke measured the perpendicular fall by counting the time that stones took in falling, and estimated the depth at seven hundred feet. The river was considered to be fifteen hundred feet below us, so that the crevice would not extend more than halfway down.

There were no other caves explored, I believe, as long as I was in the district, indeed, the experiences of one party of visitors, over twenty years before, were enough to deter ordinary adventurers. This party, Mr. W. Shelley and his brother, with some others of the early settlers whose homesteads were within a dozen miles or so of the gullies, arranged to explore one of the caves and to do so on a Sunday, taking with them on their expedition a good supply of provisions, candles, and string. Matches were unknown in those days so to strike a light they had the usual tinder-box, flint, and steel. When they had entered the cave and descended a considerable distance, they found themselves on a narrow ledge, with a perpendicular rock on one side and an abyss on the other. Then the bats, always numerous in such caves, put out their candles. The man who carried the flint and steel tried to strike a light but—being nervous, no doubt,

as he very well might be—dropped the steel. After groping for it, one after another, in vain, the party came to the conclusion that it had fallen over, into the depths, and as the string, too, had slipped over some rocks and was gone their position was a very serious one. It would hardly be possible for them to find their way back to the entrance and they dared not go on. No-one knew where they had gone. It might be long before their horses were found outside the cave. Even then who would suppose that they had entered a small hole not more than two or three feet in diameter? One of them said that judgment had fallen on them for their Sabbath-breaking. Others began praying for deliverance. It may be that their prayers were answered, for, in further search, the precious steel was found, an inch from the edge of the precipice; they struck a light and got out safely, never to return to the caves again.

Mr. Clarke could not be induced to leave the gullies till dark, consequently, in making our way homewards, I divided my phaeton in two (it was before the days of buggies) having struck an upright stump in the middle of the road, which caught the axle-tree. We took out the horses and had to lead them home, leaving the vehicle at the roadside. Mr. Clarke made several visits to the place during the week he stayed with us; and one evening on his return was surprised to find that we had a little daughter, born during his absence.

One of the journeys I used to take was viâ Marulan to Arthursleigh, a sheep-station, the property of H. H. Macarthur, and, at the time, in charge of an overseer. I was once making for this place through the bush, or, rather, through open forest country, and was travelling, carefully, with the sun on my right shoulder. After a time I became lost in thought and did not notice that my horse had turned to the right and was making for home again, till, suddenly, I saw that the grass and *débris* I was passing had been washed by

the rains towards me, whilst, as I intended to cross the Wollondilly River I ought to have been following any fall of water down, instead of up as I was evidently doing. Yet the sun was still on my right shoulder. Afterwards I recollected that, as it was past noon, I should have placed the sun on the other side. Having turned back I found a chain of pools and reached a shepherd's hut where I learned that every place I asked about was in the very opposite direction to what I expected. My head felt turned for the rest of the day, although I reached the river and arrived safely at Arthursleigh. I never trusted the sun much again but found the moss, which always grows on the south side of a tree, answered well as a compass. In Queensland, in the coastal districts at all events, one does not find the moss but one can use the white ants' nests as a guide, in the same way. These, in a straight tree, always face the north, and in most parts they are very numerous. One must have some guide by which to make a direct line in unknown country. Where there are streams and mountains no-one should be lost in the bush, but on the plains, as at sea, the sun and stars may be the only guides.

Leaving Arthursleigh, next day, I rode to Bunnaby, the property of Mr. John Hillas. The road led across the Swallow-tail, a deep gully running into Burrogorang. The Hillases used to cross this place with their bullock-drays, as it saved a journey of about fifty miles round, through Goulburn. It was the steepest pull for a team that I ever saw. Mr. Hillas, the father of the family, who at this time had been dead some years, made acquaintance with me, long before, in the following way:—I was standing on the Parramatta wharf in Sydney waiting for a friend by the steamer, and had been there for some time, when a gentleman, who was also waiting, expecting his son, came to me and said "If we tell each other our names I am sure we shall find we

know something of one another." "My name is Hassall," I said. "Oh," said he, "I told you so! I knew your uncles well, when we were boys together," and was delighted to meet me. "But," said I, "you have not told me your name." When he said "Hillas," I replied, "Mr. Hillas of Bunnaby?—I have often heard of you," he was still more delighted as he had not thought himself so important a personage. Times have greatly changed now. One may meet thousands and not know who any of them are.

I found the Hillases, when I came to know the family, nice kind people. The daughters had been educated by an excellent governess. Two of them married before I left the district. The people on the estate had a bad habit of swearing, and perhaps the example then set, in that day, by those in higher positions was not always a good one. I spoke of this matter in a sermon I once gave them, and heard that there was not an oath used on the place for three months afterwards. It was hard for the men, though, to break themselves of the bad habit.

After Hillas's I proceeded next, on my journey, to Richlands, the estate of Messrs. J. and W. Macarthur of Camden; passing the township of Taralga, and the homestead of Mr. Sheriff, who had married an elder daughter of Mr. Hillas. Mr. Martyr was superintendent at Richlands. I found him and his wife very hospitable people. The Rev. Dean Sowerby, at times, also visited here. Mr. Copland Lethbridge had a sheep station a few miles distant and there were also several smaller homesteads, which I passed through on my way to the Crookwell.

At Crookwell the Oakeses of Parramatta had stations. It was an important district. At Mr. John Oakes's I used to have a congregation of seventy people at Divine Service. These we had to pack, as best we could, in the four rooms, the women-folk taking the bedrooms. My desk was placed

in the middle of the house. I cannot say that I was able to see all the congregation from it, but I can say that all were very attentive, and pleased to hear the old Church of England service. The music was vocal only, but was very hearty.

Some years before I came to it, the district was infested by a notorious gang of bushrangers, among them Reynolds and (I think) Witton. These men, on one occasion, went into a wheat-field where Mr. Frank Oakes was reaping with his men, purposing to shoot him, when noticing a poor Irishman, who was at work with the others, in a blue swallow-tail coat and a black hat, then a favourite dress of the Irish, they mistook him for Mr. Oakes and shot him dead in the field.

During one of my rounds to the Crookwell district, I went on to Burrowa. I had several relatives there and wished to visit them. Mr. J. Oakes, whom I had married to a cousin of my own, at Christ Church, Sydney (my first wedding) some two or three years before, was also going to Burrowa, and his wife with him, so we travelled together, my brother also starting with us but going on, after a while, to get us a fresh horse. Mr. Oakes drove his wife in a tandem with two good-looking horses. These horses frequently jibbed and this caused great delay so that, instead of accomplishing forty miles, as we had intended, we found ourselves, just before dusk, no more than half way and in the Walla Walla scrub. We consequently had to ask for shelter for the night in an Irishman's slab hut. The family were very civil—as Irish people ever are—but there were already twenty people in the place, which consisted of but three or four rooms. However, they gave my party and myself one of these. I had a blanket or two, and took a corner. A cold wind blew across the corner but I put my head under the blanket and went sound asleep until morning. Then I awoke and looked round for

my friends but there was no-one there, so I got up, and found them by a good fire in the next room. The first news I heard was of the birth of a baby—our hostess's—during the night. Mrs. Oakes had supplied the place of a nurse, and mother and child were doing nicely. I got great credit for sleeping so well. We had some breakfast and started on our journey again, another event added to my bush experiences.

On my Bungonia glebe of forty acres I grew wheat and oats. Some hay made from the skinless oat, which I have never seen grown elsewhere, was, I think, the best hay I have ever seen. I raised the oats, in the first place, from a quart of the seed that was given to me. Each year, when my wheat was ripe, I found from fifteen to seventeen men waiting to see me in the early morning to tell me they had come to cut the crop. They would take no pay but were glad of a glass or two of grog during the day. I am proud to say that more than half of these men who showed me such neighbourly kindness were not my own parishioners but were Roman Catholics; such was the good feeling and friendliness which prevailed in the district. Soon after the gold discovery, however, all the men went off to the diggings. A man was not to be had anywhere. I had to be my own wood-and-water Joey and slaughter my own sheep, bought from flocks going by to Sydney. This was new experience for me. Although I was able to dress a pig with anyone I proved a poor hand at skinning a sheep, which, I found, wanted practice, like most other things.

My parish rounds at Bungonia were, of course, much more extensive than those at St. Peter's, Cook's River, had been. Yet, in our early married days my wife, who fortunately for me was a good bushwoman, used to ride with me on horseback to all the stations, and wherever I went, sometimes a distance of forty-five miles in the day. One round that we took

occasionally was from Marulan to Mrs. Barber's of Glenrock. Mrs. Barber, whose family at this time were all grown-up, was a daughter of Mr. Hume, one of the earliest residents in the colony, and a sister of Mr. Hamilton Hume who, with his fellow-explorer Captain Hovell first crossed the Murray and reached Port Phillip, where "marvellous Melbourne" afterwards arose. From Glenrock it was only a few miles to Bosworth, the property of Dr. Hill, at one time Government medical officer, a most worthy man. He resided at Bosworth for a short time only before his death. On part of his land, a place called Kowra, he had a cheese dairy, well-managed by a Scotchman named Christy. Sometimes I used to stay the night at Christy's and next day ride across the bush to Bombala (not the since-"proposed Federal capital" of that name) a nice homestead belonging to Mr. Robert Jenkins. The country between the two places was rather dangerous for a horse to travel over, excepting by daylight, because of the number of wombat burrows. Mr. Jenkins and his wife, who was a Miss Plunkett and was much beloved by all who knew her, were both drowned, when on their way to England, in the wreck of the *Royal Charter*. On my way home from Bombala I would visit Wingello, where I once, in 1832, spent some days with Mr. R. Campbell and my aunt and cousins whilst my father and a Captain Jacob, from India, went on to Goulburn, then in my father's visiting district. (His "district" took in the whole colony excepting Sydney, Parramatta, and Windsor.) Near Wingello was Brown's Hotel, another stopping-place of mine. I may mention, by the way, that, as a clergyman, I was never charged expenses at any of the inns, in those days. Poor Brown was accidentally shot, afterwards, at the diggings.

After I had been incumbent of Bungonia for four years, I found it necessary to apply for removal to another parish.

I must confess it was very disheartening to travel such great distances to find so many stations almost deserted. By this time all the men who could possibly go had cleared off to the various diggings. Neither shepherds nor labourers were to be had, my greatest difficulty, however, was that I had a wife and two children, whom I could not leave at an isolated country parsonage without help or protection whilst I was absent for a week or a fortnight at a time.

Bishop Broughton was dead and his successor, Bishop Barker, had not yet been appointed, but with Archdeacon Cowper's consent I arranged to take the Berrima district, which, at the request of Mr. Throsby of Throsby Park, before mentioned, one of the leading men there, Bishop Broughton had promised should be offered me whenever an incumbent should be appointed.

I employed an auctioneer from Goulburn to sell my furniture, and, fortunately for me, a few "lucky diggers" returned with plenty of money in their pockets just in time to attend the sale. One of the men had purchased an hotel, and had to furnish it and other people from Goulburn were anxious to buy. I realized about £300 for what had cost me no more than some £50 in Sydney five years before. When the bidding for a chest of drawers for which I had given £2 mounted up to £12, the auctioneer said, "Why you think as much of a bit of gold as if there was none in Australia." This brought some still higher bids. A big man, head and shoulders above the rest, did not see his wife, a very little woman, who was standing close by the auctioneer and frequently bidding against him, to the great amusement of the company. When a clock was knocked down to her first bid at £4 as it was above its value, she declared she had been unfairly dealt with *because others had not been allowed to bid against her.*

After leaving Bungonia we stayed for a time with Mr. Henry Oxley, who lived five miles or so from Berrima, until we had our own house built there. Labour was enormously dear, so at first we had to content ourselves with a dwelling composed of two imported iron cottages. Afterwards a stone building was added and a good garden made. We lived at Berrima for twenty years.

CHAPTER X.

DURING the Governorship of Sir Richard Bourke, about 1830, I think, a large gaol and Court-house were erected at Berrima.

A new main road was also carried from Bargo Brush through Berrima to the Southern districts, by Sir Thomas Mitchell, the Surveyor-General. The former road passed over the Mittagong range, through the rich grass lands of the Riley estate, on the one side, and the Oxley, or Wingecarribie property on the other; further on, through the Throsby Park and Hutchinson lands at Bong Bong and Sutton Forest, to the cross roads where the new line from Berrima joined again. Another road passed the Gib, through where the township of Bowral now stands. Probably Sir Thomas Mitchell's new line ran in a better direction as regarded facilities for road-making; there is no doubt that Berrima was a suitable site for the contemplated buildings, owing to the abundance of good stone and water.

A large iron-gang—prisoners in chains—were employed on these works for a considerable time and a detachment of soldiers, under Lieutenant Joseph North, guarded the stockade in which they were lodged. Mr. North, like most officers of the army who came to the colony at that time, sold out after a while, and turned to pastoral pursuits. He took up a station in the Wivenhoe district of what was then known as the Moreton Bay Settlement and has since become the colony of Queensland.

When the new buildings at Berrima were completed, Assizes were held in the township, at regular intervals, for the whole of the Southern districts, and great gatherings assembled, on these occasions, from the most distant places.

Mr. Samuel North, who was now Police Magistrate, interested himself very much in the erection of a place of worship, and it was chiefly owing to his exertions, at such times, especially, that the pretty stone church of Holy Trinity at Berrima was built. This was the first church designed by the well-known architect, Mr. Blackett. Here, when I came afterwards to be incumbent of Berrima, I officiated for twenty years.

For a long time the gaol was used only as a lock-up for the prisoners brought to trial at the Assizes. There was but one execution within its walls, when the notorious murderer Lynch was hanged for the murder of eleven persons in the Berrima district. His first crime, I think, was the murder of a family named Mulligan, when the victims were five in number; his last that of a carrier and his black-boy, who were driving a team to Sydney belonging to Mr. Thomas Cowper of Braidwood, brother of Sir Charles Cowper.

I visited the gaol some years after with Governor Sir William Dennison, who remarked that he was glad to see it empty.

Soon afterwards it was taken into occupation for invalid prisoners and was used for this purpose for some years. At a later date men were sent there to undergo the first period of their imprisonment, concluding their term at Parramatta. A visiting Justice, a doctor, and two chaplains, Anglican and Roman Catholic, were appointed. The governor of the gaol was Mr. Mabury, and there were a number of warders.

Mabury, a good and worthy man, had not been trained for gaol discipline. One day, unluckily, he ordered a prisoner to take a calf of his and tether it on the grass, outside the

gaol walls. The man departed on his errand in joyous haste but failed to return and poor Mabury, consequently, lost his governorship.

Mr. William Small was shortly after appointed. His family were among the very earliest colonial settlers. One of his aunts, Mrs. Oakes of Parramatta, who lived to the age of ninety-six, was the first white woman born in Australia.

Mr. Small had joined a whaling-ship when he was a lad, spent some time at the Islands and in the South Seas, and afterwards had some experience as an officer in Darlinghurst Gaol. He was a great disciplinarian, and in some cases was considered too severe; but as soon as a troublesome prisoner was willing to submit to the rules I think he found no cause to complain. It certainly took a sharp man to manage some of the outlaws.

As an instance of what he had at times to contend with I may mention that, on one occasion, the greater number of the prisoners took it into their heads to shout, curse, and swear, for three days, almost without ceasing. It was very disagreeable to the inhabitants of Berrima who could not shut out the disturbance. The gaoler had no power to stop them. The Sheriff was called up from Sydney but was equally helpless. To get away from the intolerable noise he came to my house to have tea, being an old friend of mine, and whilst he was with me a warder came with a message from the gaoler that if he were not empowered to stop the noise he would resign his office. Mr. Small had, in the meantime, had a number of gags made, consisting of a piece of wood with a hole through it, to be placed in the mouth, and a leather strap which buckled behind the neck. The gag caused dreadful pain, in a little time, to the wearer, but no voice could be raised. The Sheriff was afraid to sanction its use, for neither the gag nor flogging had been authorized by the Government. At last, however, when he received the

gaoler's message, he very wisely sent back word by the warder virtually giving permission. "Tell Mr. Small," he said, "to do whatever he thinks proper, and I will be answerable for his action."

In half an hour, or a little more, the gaol was as quiet as a mouse. When we walked up to see what had happened, we found the gaoler had taken the ring-leaders, handcuffed them behind their backs, clapped irons on their legs, trussed them up like so many fowls ready for cooking, and fastened the gags in their mouth, then told them, "As soon as you give me a sign that you will cease shouting, I will release you." The pain with the mouth stretched open was enough; within ten minutes the sign was given, the gags were removed, and the men returned to their cells. The other men soon learnt what was going on and ceased their noise, and when the Sheriff arrived all such disturbances had forever come to an end in Berrima Gaol.

A few times after this the gag was used when a prisoner could not be controlled, but never for more than ten minutes was it in anyone's mouth.

Flogging was never known in the gaol, but what thousands in times past had suffered from the lash and the after weeks of agony from the lacerated flesh appear to me the most cruel torture that could be inflicted on a fellow-creature. The gag left no pain or inconvenience, from the moment it was removed from the sufferer, but it was ready as a warning to the wrong-doer.

Our worthy gaoler, with all his acuteness, was taken in on one occasion. He appointed one of the prisoners as groom, to look after his horse, that he kept in the gaol, and allowed him a quarter of an hour to attend to it whilst the other men were being mustered and placed in their cells for the night. This groom very cleverly plaited a rope from the straw bedding and fastened a horse-shoe, which he took from the

horse's foot, to the end of it. He watched his opportunity, and, when warders and prisoners were engaged in another part of the prison, he threw the rope on to the top of the wall, catching an iron bar that supported the watch-box from which in the daytime a warder had command of all that was going on inside and outside the gaol. The groom very soon pulled himself up, on to the wall, and, passing the rope over, let himself down on the other side. He was not missed for some time, so managed to make good his escape. I heard of him, out West, when I came to Queensland, but he had a wife and family and was behaving well and I did not see it to be any duty of mine to report him. Afterwards, however, some-one informed against him, and he was apprehended and sent back to prison to complete his sentence.

Previous to this, two men escaped from the gaol by creeping down a sewer which passed under the wall to the river. One was a notorious bushranger; he was captured and brought back. He and his brother had been taken by the police and, whilst travelling from Crookwell to the Goulburn Gaol, on horseback, this man seized the policeman's gun and attempted to shoot him, but accidentally shot his own brother instead.

He was a troublesome man in the gaol. At one time he feigned to be deranged and, being sent into the hospital, the doctor was called in to examine him. It was difficult to know how to treat these cases. He might have been sent to the dark cells, but that would not have cured him, so knowing that the insanity was only a sham, the doctor told the gaoler that he would have to cup the patient, and, placing the instrument high upon the man's shoulder he said, "Do you know why I commence so high?" "No," replied the gaoler. "Because," said the doctor, "it is a bad case, and I shall have to cup him daily, and go right down

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the back." The man turned deadly pale but made no remark then. Next morning, though, he said to the doctor, "I feel quite well to-day, and can go to work again;" and he never afterwards tried on any of his tricks.

Another fellow amused himself by having the doctor called up in the middle of the night, pretending to be ill. As the doctor lived some distance from the gaol, it was, to say the least, very disagreeable for him to be called up in this way on a cold winter's night for no reason. So after a few such visits to this gentleman, the doctor thought good to give him such a dose of medicine that his services were never required again at that hour.

A case of a far different character occurred, in which the doctor had to be called in, when a prisoner obtained a bar of iron and having climbed over the iron railing, from one of the yards in which were half-a-dozen prisoners, followed a warder along a corridor and struck him on the back of the head, smashing his skull, and killing him on the spot.

None of the men would confess who it was that committed the dreadful deed. Suspicion fell on one, who was tried for the murder, but there was no proof. I always suspected one of the others, who, some little time after this, was thought to be deranged and was, unfortunately, sent to the Parramatta Lunatic Asylum, where he killed the medical officer, Dr. Greenup, an excellent man, by stabbing him to the heart with a pair of scissors. Over twenty years after, I believe, one of the warders was killed by the same man.

Another story connected with the Berrima Gaol is interesting to recall as one of possible tragedy averted by what seemed a mere chance. I was travelling by myself in a trap, along the Bargo Brush road, towards Picton, and passing a tramp on the way asked if he would like a lift. He accepted, we entered into conversation, and he said, "I suppose you know me, sir?" I replied that I did not recollect his face. He

then told me he was just out of gaol and was very glad to meet me, as he had a great trouble on his mind, which he would tell me if I would not mention his name. The cooks in the kitchen were cutting a hole in the back of the oven, through the gaol wall. He dared not tell the gaoler or he would have been killed by the other prisoners at any time, if caught. He had no objection to their all getting away if they could, but he feared there would be a great deal of bloodshed before they could be captured again, and he would blame himself for this. They hoped, he said, to be ready to clear out in a day or two.

When I returned, next day, I acquainted the gaoler with the facts, he quietly inspected the whole of the kitchen, poked his nose into the oven, and discovered the little game. The cooks were immediately displaced and a new lot took their places. The gaoler alone was blamed, for looking about where he was not wanted.

I must close with one more incident that took place before the whole system of the gaol was changed to that of a solitary treatment establishment.

I had been out to Burrawong, about ten or twelve miles away, and when I came home, about 2 o'clock p.m., found a message awaiting me, to go at once to the gaol. When I got there I found the place in a state of great excitement. A dining-room had shortly before been erected against the gaol wall, where all the prisoners used to assemble for their meals. Here they concocted a plan to bar themselves in and remain the night when, I believe, they intended, with small tools they kept hidden in their clothes, to cut a hole through the roof and make their escape.

After breakfast, when the warders called them to go to their work, they would not come out of the room—they had fastened the only door, barricading it with the table and stools—and defied the warders to bring them out. The

visiting Justices and the police were summoned, but what was to be done? A telegram was sent to the Sheriff in Sydney and the Executive Council assembled, who first proposed to send more police from Sydney. Reply was made that there were sufficient warders and police at Berrima, but that the authorities there saw no way of bringing the mutineers out unless by firing at them through the barred windows. The Government objected to this at first, but, just as I arrived at the gaol, a telegram came, authorizing the warders to fire on the men.

I at once saw that if once the prisoners knew this they would not be fools enough to stay in and be shot at. So I put on a bold face and told the officials I would bring the men out in five minutes. They said I might try, but they thought that, as a parson, I was going to try moral persuasion, or such like. I went to a window and asked the men what they were shut up for. They said they had some grievances, wished to see the Sheriff, and did not intend to come out of the room until he came up from Sydney. I told them it was a serious matter; that they were in rebellion against the Government, and that the Sheriff could not hear any complaints while they were in a state of rebellion. "We will not come out," they replied, "until he comes." "It is impossible," said I, "that you should be left here for the night. You must be brought out." "How?" they rejoined. "There is only one way that I can see," I said, "and that is to shoot you through the windows." Those who heard me turned as white as a sheet. I saw they were taken by surprise, and I said "I will come again in five minutes. You can decide what you will do."

I went back to the office and was much chaffed on my undertaking. "Well, are they coming out?" was the cry. I said, "You gave me five minutes and the time is not up yet." I went to the men again in five minutes, when the

prisoners said, "We have considered the matter, Sir, and are agreed to come out if you will stand by us and see that we are not *insulted*." I told them I would take care they were not insulted. (They were afraid that if the warders jeered them the men would make a rush at the officers and that bloodshed would follow).

I then went to the office and asked that the warders and police might be drawn up in a line and ordered not to speak a word, as the men intended to come out.

It was a sight to see them, one after another, marching past quietly to their cells. I received great credit for my success, but I did not tell those who had doubted my influence that it was the fear of being shot down through the windows that had brought the men out.

The Sheriff came up, in a day or two, to punish them, but I asked him, as a favour, not to take any further notice of the affair, as it had ended so quietly. The prisoners ever after appealed to me in any difficulty.

CHAPTER XI.

IN 1862 the Berrima Gaol was converted into a separate-treatment and solitary-system establishment. All prisoners, in any part of the colony, receiving a sentence of five years imprisonment or over were sent to Berrima to undergo a whole year's solitary confinement. This extreme punishment, as will appear in my letter to the Sheriff quoted further on, was afterwards reduced to nine months.

When their course of solitary imprisonment was completed the prisoners were transferred to Parramatta Gaol to serve the remainder of their time.

The Sheriff informed me, after due consideration had been given to the matter, that the chaplains—my Roman Catholic colleague and myself—would be required to visit the men under their respective ministrations weekly, in their separate cells. My salary, at the same time, in consideration of the increased weight of duty, was raised from £25 to £100 per annum.

The intention had at first been to have Divine Service in the prison chapel, with a separate box for each man, so that the minister could be seen but none of the other prisoners.

Earl Belmore, then Governor of New South Wales, took a great interest in the gaol and was concerned for the well-being of the prisoners, and he was anxious that service should be held. I felt, however, that there would be a danger and a failure if the attempt were made and that there would be no benefit, in any religious sense, to the men if compelled to attend Divine Worship cramped up in these

cages. My letter, before referred to, gives my views as expressed at the time. The project was abandoned and far more good was done, I believe, by the system adopted in its stead, that of individual instruction in the separate cells.

I liked the work exceedingly, though few may be able to imagine it possible to do so. I think I was in some measure fitted for it by having mixed much with convicts, as before related, in my younger days. I was always able soon to gain the confidence of even the worst of them, and though there were few who would not tell me lies at first the truth would come out before many weeks had passed.

Some amusing incidents happened now and then. On one occasion a fine young fellow was telling me how innocent he was (I always let the men have their say out) and when he thought I had taken his version all in I said to him, "Look here. You can tell me whatever you like, but I advise you only to speak the truth. By-and-bye, you will apply for some remission of your sentence if you have behaved well. A letter will come to the gaoler and one to myself as chaplain to enquire as to your character. Now I shall have to say that, from what you have told me, you are perfectly innocent of any crime, and that you ought not to be in gaol at all, as your own statement will show. My letter will go to the Judge who tried you, and if what I state from what you have told me is not in accordance with the evidence given at your trial you will not get a day off." This rather staggered him and presently he said, "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I am guilty," and went on to tell me a very different tale from the first. It was hard to keep off a smile at the change of tune.

Few, perhaps, have ever given a thought to the question, as to whether many innocent men, or men not guilty, at all events, of the crime for which they suffer, are imprisoned in gaol.

I do not find fault with Judge or jury, but I must say that I have found circumstantial evidence lead them astray, and,

more frequently still perhaps, the false oaths of persons desiring to bring about a conviction. By other means also innocent men have suffered in place of the guilty.

Whilst I was chaplain I obtained the release of several prisoners who had been wrongfully convicted. One case of the kind I may mention is that of a man who was apprehended wearing stolen clothes. He was a navvy and had engaged to work for a certain road-contractor. The latter was going to the races and invited the other to accompany him. The navvy excused himself from going, on the ground that he had no clean clothes to wear. "Oh, I can lend you a suit for the day," said the contractor. The offer was accepted, the clothes, which had been stolen, were recognised whilst the man had them on and he was given in charge, tried, and sentenced. I do not know whether the contractor was a party to the theft but I became sure that the navvy knew nothing of it. Afterwards I found the thief in another cell, sentenced for another crime, and he told me that he was sorry an innocent man should suffer for his fault, and gave me a written confession with regard to the whole affair. This was duly examined by Chief Justice Stephen, and in two or three weeks' time the poor fellow wrongfully imprisoned received his discharge from the gaol. The two men could have had no communication with each other in their separate cells.

On another occasion I succeeded in proving the innocence of an unfortunate Chinaman, condemned to death for murder but having had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. It was proved by the evidence I was able to bring forward that the man was elsewhere at the time the murder was committed and that two of his own countrymen, on whose evidence he was convicted, were themselves the murderers.

In the case of two young fellows convicted on circumstantial evidence, of a mail-robbery near Goulburn, I took some

trouble to prove the innocence of the supposed culprits. Everything seemed clear against them. They had passed the place where the robbery occurred a few hours before. A passenger by the coach swore to the voice of one man; another passenger to a patch on the other man's shirt. The coachman, an honest man, would not swear to the identity of either man with the robbers. I obtained proof that they were thirty miles away at the time the coach was "stuck-up," and that some Crookwell bushrangers, knowing that these young fellows were in the neighbourhood and that suspicion would be likely to fall on them, came down to the place, robbed the mail, and returned unsuspected. My clients confessed that they had stolen a horse and a watch and that they did not bear good characters, so I left them in their cells, fearing that they would soon be back again if I turned them out.

Some other cases I might have cleared up but, though convinced myself, I could not get sufficient evidence to place before Government. It would have hindered me in efforts to help other prisoners if I failed through bringing forward too weak a case to obtain a desired release, as it would have rendered me liable to be considered over-credulous, too easily imposed upon by a plausible tale.

I never had any fears for my safety when visiting prisoners in their cells, even although at times there might not be a warder in the wing. I must confess, however, that some of the men were desperate characters and dangerous to have to do with. I have heard one of these, a bushranger, declare that he meant to take a life for every day he was kept in gaol. Yet I have seen the same man cry like a child when I have been talking seriously to him.

I have had to caution the gaoler not to allow a man a knife, or any such implement, as he had declared his intention of taking the first life that might come within his power.

My life, doubtless, would have been no safer than others but for the fact that it stood for the pleasure of having someone to talk to—a pleasure of which even the most savagely-disposed criminal, with months of solitary confinement still before him, would not haste to deprive himself.

Once, I confess, I had a great fright. I was visiting a blackfellow in his cell, when suddenly the man darted across the floor and seized me by the shoulders. He had cause to show, however, for his startling behaviour. A warder had entered without my noticing him and had set down the man's dinner, in a tin dish, on the floor, just behind where I stood. I was stepping backwards towards the door and next moment should have planted my foot in his dinner if he had not prevented me as he did.

The poor fellow just mentioned soon became insane under the solitary treatment and, representations being made to the Government with regard to the matter, orders were given that for the future aboriginal prisoners were to be exempt from the regulation concerning solitary confinement.

White men differ considerably in regard to the effect upon them of prison life in the solitary cells. Some I had to report upon as showing symptoms of the approach of mental derangement. Where the men were able to read, or willing to learn, and could study, so as to occupy their minds, the monotony was less trying, hence my recommendation as to the use of books, in a letter quoted in a succeeding chapter. Mc——, a prisoner whose name is well known—read the Bible through in six weeks whilst at Berrima.

The prisoners, of course, had to work so many hours a day in their cells, and to exercise for two hours each in a separate yard. Lights at night were not allowed them. Men had plenty of time to think and meditate, but they needed their thoughts to be directed to good and not evil, to future amendment, and not to schemes of bushranging and robbery,

as was too often the case at Cockatoo Island, in bygone days the hot-bed of nine-tenths of the crimes of released prisoners.

It was very sad to find, as I did many a time, young men, native-born, who had been brought to gaol simply for want of home-teaching and training in uprightness and honesty.

One day I found a fine young man in one of the cells, sentenced for cattle-stealing, simply by reason of his having been brought up without a true knowledge of right and wrong.

His father, he told me, was a selector. The family never killed their own cattle for beef but always worked upon those of the adjoining station. He had never thought it any harm to steal cattle from a man who had plenty of them and would never miss a few. To rob a poor man, though, he knew was a great sin.

He begged me to write to his father (as he himself was not allowed to write or receive letters) and ask him, on his behalf, to give up killing stolen cattle, as, otherwise, he would be caught some day, and his son was sure it would be the death of him to be sent to Berrima Gaol.

I wrote the letter as requested but, naturally, the father never sent me any reply.

Most of the bushrangers of this period, in New South Wales, who lived to reach a gaol, for some of them were shot on the field, passed through my hands, and I have had full and true accounts from them of their bushranging lives.

Some of them used to speak of having had a jolly time of it whilst their liberty lasted.

The network of "telegraphs"—selectors and others in league with them, among whom they spent their stolen money—in a great measure used to prevent their apprehension.

I have been at a hut in the bush an hour after four bushrangers had left it. The people of the place told me

they had given the men a good meal and hurried them away, for fear of the police, for if they had been caught there everyone in the hut would have been arrested with them.

The bushrangers were in no great dread of the police generally, but they stood in deadly fear of Captain Batty and Inspector Pottinger. Some of them told me once that four of them, on one occasion, were on the top of a hill, in open country, when they saw some police approaching and made ready for a fight. The police, however, as soon as they caught sight of them, quietly eased off round the hill, as if they had missed them, and left them to themselves.

Rolf Boldrewood, in his "Robbery Under Arms," mentions the "Red Cap" gang. Those of them who came to Berrima were a miserable-looking lot.

When the bushrangers were outlawed bushranging was soon put down. Some of the men have told me that once they were proclaimed outlaws they led a dreadful life. They dared not go to sleep at night, for fear their own mates would shoot them, for the sake of the large rewards offered by Government, together with a free pardon, for any outlaw, dead or alive.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO cases that I think may be found interesting are those of two men who had each served about thirty-five years in prison. This long term was not the penalty of a single offence; they would serve a longer or shorter sentence and then regain their liberty, but would always find themselves back in gaol in the course of a month or six weeks.

One of them had been in Berrima Gaol for some time before the introduction of separate treatment, and was employed as a "billet" man, to clean and sweep the yards, and so forth. Whilst I was giving him some good advice, one day, he told me that if only he could get a situation away from evil company and his old pals, he thought he should be able to behave well.

I offered to take him as soon as he was free again, give him fair wages, and let him go any day he wished. He came, and worked fairly well for a short time, but one day, in showery weather, I had him cleaning out drains and messing about with myself and another man. He stopped work suddenly and said, "Look here, sir, at my boots and trousers—all over mud and dirt! I cannot stand this; we are never dirty in the gaol. I would sooner be back there than have this work." "I am working the same as you," I replied, "and am quite as dirty; but if you wish you may go at any time. I will pay you now, as I promised." "I'll go to-morrow, sir," he said.

He left next day and started for Goulburn, but met an old chimney-sweep, who had been in gaol with him before,

and they turned back and made for Sydney. By the time they reached Enmore, near Sydney, they had decided that gaol was the best place for them, so they robbed a Roman Catholic chapel, were caught, as they intended, and received a sentence of five years.

Shortly afterwards my friend was safe in a solitary cell—a new thing since his last visit with us. When I visited him for the first time I smiled and said, “So you have reached home, again?” “Yes, sir,” he replied, “but what am I here for by myself?” “Oh,” I replied, “the system is changed. You will be kept here now.” “For how long, sir?” “The time is twelve months, but as you have been so often in prison before you may perhaps be kept here the five years.” “If I had known this,” he said, “I never would have come back—I never would. It will kill me.”

He remained the nine months, much against his will, and was then transferred to Parramatta, and I never heard of him again. The former gaol life was second nature to him, but the latter had no attractions.

The other case was a sad one. The poor fellow was first picked up as a waif and stray in the streets of Liverpool, England. His father and mother were Irish people who went over to England to work in the harvest time and both died there. Two little boys were left, without house or home, to beg in the streets.

The little lad whom I afterwards knew as a man one day saw a man fall down in a fit in the street, and ran to him to see what was the matter. A policeman came up and accused the boy of intending to pick the man's pocket and took him in charge, and he was sent to a reformatory. He never saw his brother again.

The Queen came to visit the institution and the boys were examined in Scripture in her presence. The little Irish boy on being asked to name the three sons of Noah replied,

"Shadrach, Mesech, and Abednego," and after the Queen had gone he was punished for the blunder, which the master said he had made on purpose. This made him reckless, and he gave much trouble afterwards.

He was sent out to Melbourne in a prison ship and released as soon as he landed. He was unable to get work, committed a robbery, and was sent to gaol. He gave me his whole history and I believe it to have been perfectly true. He was sent to gaol from time to time; sometimes he was guilty, at other times he was not to blame.

He felt the loneliness of the solitary cell very much, and was always glad when I went in to talk with him. One day he said to me very seriously, "You are the only person in the world, sir, who has ever said a kind word to me."

Some years after, when I had left Berrima and come to Queensland, he found me out at Oxley, near Brisbane. He had enquired in New South Wales where I was, and came to ask me if I would take him as a servant. I promised to do so, but next day he saw me talking to Mrs. Hassall and being, like most men who have been long at war with their kind, intensely suspicious, he thought she was objecting to my engaging him, which really was not the case. On the following morning he was gone, leaving a pair of new blankets he had brought with him. I regret to say that I have never heard of him from that day, now over twenty years ago.

Another case that I will refer to is a unique one, that of a bushranger who at his trial swore at the Judge from the dock. He was considered a very desperate character, and received a sentence of twenty-one years. He was in Parramatta Gaol for over ten years and there gave so much trouble that he was at last sent to Berrima, for solitary treatment.

He was a Welshman, and had been brought up a Wesleyan, but he had had his name entered as a Roman Catholic.

He had not long been in his cell, however, before he asked to change his religion. The visiting Justice, accordingly, gave orders that he was to be handed over to the Church of England chaplain, and intimation was made to me by letter to that effect.

When I began to visit him, one of my first questions was with regard to his reason for leaving the Roman Catholic Church. "Oh," said he, "the priest would not fetch me any books, and I heard you were very good in supplying them." "What books do you want?" I asked. "I have had no education, sir," he replied, "and I wish to improve myself, if you would kindly get me a grammar and an arithmetic."

He made great progress in these, and then asked me for an English dictionary, which, after he had had it for a time, he told me he had read right through. When I was conversing with him, one day, after this, he said he had once heard some poetry read and thought it very nice, and he would much like to see a poetry book. I took him Pollock's "Course of Time," and when next I visited his cell I found him delighted with it. He had never thought, he said, that there was such a book in the world. He then handed it to me, saying that he was able to repeat some of it. To my great astonishment, he repeated page after page without faltering in a word. He had a wonderful memory, as I frequently proved. He devoured every book I took to him and taught himself to write.

I could not find in him the desperate character he was reputed to be, but I have no doubt he had thoroughly earned his reputation. At Parramatta, he had feigned himself to be insane, and so deceived the officials there that he was sent to the lunatic asylum. When I asked him why he had done thus he replied, "I thought I had a better chance to escape there, and if not, if I murdered anyone in the gaol afterwards,

in any row, I might not have to swing for it, as it would be brought in 'caused by insanity.'"

Time passed on, and when his nine months solitary imprisonment were nearly over, he asked me whether he would be sent out again among the other men when the time was up. He did not wish to go, he said, he would rather stay in his cell. I told him he could ask the gaoler, but that I thought the rules would be enforced. "I think I can manage it," he said. Shortly afterwards, when the time came, he was sent into the yards, where he induced another prisoner to pretend to be fighting desperately with him. The warders separated them with difficulty, he was brought before the Justice, and ordered back into solitary confinement. When I next went to see him, he smiled and said he had managed first-rate, and was happy to be able to go on peacefully with his books. I could not tell the gaoler of the trick or the man would have been turned out again and further trouble would most likely have ensued.

After a considerable time, he one day said to me, "I have been thinking, sir, of what the Judge said to me when he sentenced me for twenty years. 'If you reform and I have a good character of you, I will endeavour to have some of your sentence remitted.' Now, sir, I have not been in trouble since I knew you. Do you think you could say a good word for me?" "Your best plan," I said, "would be to write to the Judge yourself, give him your history, and say you have reformed and promise to remain well-behaved."

He did as I advised and his letter covered sixteen pages of foolscap. It was sent to the Government together with a recommendation from the gaoler and one from myself, and the result was that the poor fellow's full pardon came in two or three weeks' time.

I met the gaoler outside the building and he told me that the man's pardon had come, but that he refused to leave

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the gaol. "He thinks you only want to put him in the yards again," I said, and went in search of him. I found him in his exercise yard and asked him through the iron bars what the gaoler had told him. "He asked me," was the reply, "if I would behave myself if he let me out. He wants to put me with the prisoners again." "You quite mistake him," I said, "your full pardon has come from the Sheriff's office, owing to the letter you sent the Judge. You are a free man and can go out of the gaol gate this minute." "I think you are mistaken, sir," he said. "Is it quite true?" "Yes, it is," I said, "I assure you."

He turned up the whites of his eyes, staggered across the yard, and fell against the wall at the further end. I could not reach him but waited until he recovered the shock, when he came to me and said, "I cannot go out to-day. I will go to-morrow."

The next day he called "to thank me for all I had done for him." I was away from home but afterwards he wrote to me. He told me that he had thirty shillings on leaving the gaol and had travelled about three hundred miles, living on bread and tea, to save his money. He came to a sheep-station and asked for work. The owner told him he wanted men for lambing and asked him if he could shepherd. "I never did," was the reply, "but I can do anything I try." "I will give you a flock of sheep to lamb down," said the owner, "and I give five pounds as a prize to the shepherd who has the best number of lambs." He took the flock, and gained the five pounds, and remained for some time on the station.

After a while, he bought a horse and saddle, drew £16 wages he had coming to him and started for another situation.

Passing along a road, he came to a public house, and said to himself, "I have not tasted a glass of wine for more than eleven years, I will treat myself to one now." He called for a glass of wine, which was served to him, and which he

afterwards knew must have been hoccussed. He declared that he did not take another drop, to his knowledge, but when he came to his senses, several days afterwards, he found his horse, saddle, and money, all claimed in payment of a debt for drinking.

After leaving the place penniless, he got another situation, and whilst he was in it I had two letters from him.

For some time I did not hear of him. One day, after I came to Queensland, I was taking the service in the old gaol in Roma-street, Brisbane, when, to my surprise and very great regret, I saw my old friend among the prisoners.

He came and spoke to me after the service, and told me how he had found his way there. He had gone to the Palmer diggings, and he and his mate were arrested by a policeman for having a stolen horse. He had nothing to do with the stealing of the horse, though he knew it was stolen but, in accordance with all convict creed, would not give evidence against his mate, so the two were tried and sentenced together, and sent to the Brisbane Gaol.

He wrote to me, after our meeting, asking me not to come and see him again, as he could not bear to look me in the face in such a place.

At that time, I was visiting both the Gaol and the St. Helena Penal Establishment, and received a letter from the latter place, informing me that a minister of religion was not allowed to speak to any prisoner except on religious subjects. I wrote to the Government, stating that I had been for fourteen years chaplain of the Berrima Model Gaol, and that in all that time I had never broken any rule of the gaol or interfered with its discipline, but that I could not consent to visit prisoners under the prescribed condition.

I never received any reply, and, consequently, never attended again. For this reason, I saw no more of my old convict friend.

The question may be asked: Can a gaol-chaplain do any good in a religious point of view?

I should have to reply that he does not generally find himself able to achieve that end amidst a mixed number of men. The associations are all against his influence. But when a man is brought under the solitary treatment he must think, and if an influence for good is judiciously impressed upon him he will often reflect upon what he hears or reads, and be benefited by so doing.

As an instance of this, I may refer to a prisoner who, when I called for the first time, after he had entered his cell, and he was told that the chaplain had come to see him, swore terribly, and declared that he "did not want to see any — parsons," and so on.

I said to the gaoler, "Let him alone. I will see him next time I come." Meanwhile, he found out my name and, having heard of me before, when next I called received me very differently, expressing his regret for the language he had used, and assuring me he would be glad to see me at any time.

He listened to my advice and instruction from time to time, and began to read his Bible. After some months' time I one day found him in an anxious state of mind. He said he had been an awful sinner and dared not bend his knees to pray to God for mercy and forgiveness, or he was sure that God would pardon him. After talking to him for some time, I asked him if he would kneel down and pray with me. He did so and I found him a changed character from that day.

I had several cases where the men became truly godly characters. When I used to visit the Parramatta Gaol, which I did whenever I had an opportunity, the gaoler would send word that the prisoners might leave off work and see Mr. Hassall, if they wished to do so, when I would soon have

fifty or a hundred of them around me, all glad to meet me again.

On one occasion, the gaoler there told me that for some time, several men had taken to assembling in a room by themselves, and that it was suspected that they were concocting some mischief, perhaps planning to make their escape. The warders, therefore, began to watch them, when it was discovered that the men met for Bible-reading and prayer.

The gaoler, who was by no means a religious man, told me, also, that he believed these men had a great influence over the other prisoners, for there had been no disturbance of any sort in the gaol for some time past, though there had constantly been trouble in that way before, and that he could account in no other way for the remarkable change.

I should like, in this place, to make some remarks with regard to gaol punishments.

I have not visited a prison for the last five-and-twenty years and am therefore altogether incompetent to give an opinion on the treatment and discipline of the present day. No doubt there are many improvements since my day. In Queensland, the First Offenders' Act, and the shortening of sentences, are notable reforms. The long and unequal punishments of twenty and thirty years ago did not tend to the repression of crime, far less to the reformation of the criminal.

I have known of the cruelty and tyranny of the early days of New South Wales. In later times, I have known a man receive a sentence of seven years for stealing, when intoxicated, some calico from a shop-window. It was doubtless not his first offence but he was punished, nevertheless, with unwarrantable severity.

Vengeance against all evil-doers was the outcry years ago. The thought of an offender against the law being a fellow-creature, a brother man, never entered the minds of those who had the charge of prisoners then.

Do we not go far enough in the way of punishment when we protect ourselves from the wrong-doer by withdrawing him from society and the means of mischief, and imprisoning him? Having done this, ought not the sole object thenceforth be to take advantage of his position in order to endeavour to raise him in the scale of being; to help him to make himself more worthy to be called our brother; to teach him that righteousness is good, and that right-doing, honesty, and morality, tend to a man's happiness and well-being, when the fruit of an upright mind.

Harsh treatment and overbearing demeanour on the part of those set over a prisoner degrade him, as well as tyranny and cruelty. A man subjected to any of these can never learn self-respect or have thoughts which lead to good, but keeps brooding within himself all the evil dispositions of his nature.

The spirit of love and kindness and good, on the other hand, will often win the heart of the outlaw. He feels that he has a brother desirous to help him, and to lift him up to something better among his fellow creatures. His stubborn heart gives way, and he becomes as a little child in the hands of his friends, to learn, to listen, and to follow.

My experience of the separate treatment system taught me that it was worked on a wrong principle. Its object was to increase the severity of the punishment, and every man under a five years' sentence had to go through nine months of indiscriminate torture.

Who were these men? With regard to numbers of them it may be said that if their heads had been examined for their brain-power, it would have been found that some were little, if any better than idiots, without mind, reason, or capability of judging for themselves, open to commit crime, and unable to avoid it; others of them disposed to murder; others, again, to theft, some harmless, though not quite

insane yet still unfit, for their own sakes, to be at large. Such men deserved no solitary imprisonment nor any punishment, but needed care, kindness, and oversight, with work to do. These being granted them, their lives would have been made as bearable as possible.

As to the more intellectually-gifted class, men who could have worked their way through the world had not some mishap overtaken them; in some cases their parents had neglected or mistaken their proper training; in others, evil company had led them astray, so that they learnt to indulge in drinking, gambling, and other vices, until they came within the grasp of the law and found themselves shut up in their solitary cells.

In such a position, what were a man's first thoughts? Not of blame to himself for his own wickedness, but of all the grooves he had followed, perhaps from childhood, that had led to his punishment at last. In his own judgment, such a criminal is never very bad. But what did he now find in his misery? Only the vengeance of the Law. He was alone, deserted, with no one to speak to, forbidden to receive a letter from his truest and dearest on earth, forbidden to send a line to them, glanced at, perhaps, by prisoner or warder as something scarcely human.

Such men, most frequently, knew little of religion and less of their duty to God and man. What could they, what would they do?

I have found many of them like savage bull-dogs, brooding over revenge and nourishing hatred against all their fellow-creatures. Hence their feeling of enmity, at first, even against a clergyman.

When they found, however, that one came to them as a friend, talked to them as fellow-creatures, and loved them as such, they would gladly listen to one's words, receive instruction, thankfully accept the books provided, and often put them to good use.

It might not be possible to influence all for their highest good, but one could raise their moral character and win them to be better men in their future lives.

I do not say that a clergyman should always be the one to do this charitable work, but the Government ought to see that every available means are used to make men in durance better and punishment less severe.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE views of one who has had opportunity to learn what prison life means to the prisoners, given at various times on questions arising with regard to certain prison matters, may be of interest—perhaps even of some little use.

“Berrima, 10th Feb., '71.

“TO THE SHERIFF.

“Dear Sir,—An application has been made to me to report what books are required for the use of prisoners in the Berrima Gaol.

“I feel some hesitation in furnishing a report adequate to the importance of the subject.

“The books hitherto in use at the several gaols I consider altogether unfit for the great purpose which they ought to serve both as to quality, number, and arrangement.

“I have for years applied for large-printed Bibles and have never been supplied with any but very small type. The religious works that I have been authorized to get have been very limited, and as I was only allowed to *name* the works I could not tell the price which would cover the £5 grant. And, again, others that I purchased, although authorized, I could not obtain repayment for until some years afterwards.

“The secular books furnished I have nothing to do with, but I object to them generally as not suitable for prison use. A few good ones were furnished by Mr. Parkes when Chief Secretary.

“Under the present system of separate treatment I believe the use of good books, both religious and secular, one of the chief means of reformation in the prisoners, and it is my opinion that, while every means are adopted to ensure order, discipline, and punishment, very little has yet been done with a view to sound reformation among prisoners.

“During the period of nine months’ separate treatment an opportunity will be afforded to direct their minds in a channel that will dispose them to amendment; otherwise, from my experience I gather that their thoughts study the darkest deeds, and dwell upon a settled purpose of vengeance for the hardship of their punishment.

“Kindness and encouragement should form some part of the system when punishment is so lengthened and severe, moral and religious feelings should be encouraged, love and sympathy should be fostered. The past system, I have no doubt, tended only to harden and debase criminals. Hence the frequent return of felons to gaol, and the gangs of bushrangers, the chief of whom were mostly Cockatoo prisoners, hardened and matured for the deepest crimes. On the other hand I have found those young and uneducated men from the interior, who have been enticed to follow their brigandage, in many cases very susceptible of improvement and of being awakened to a sense of their crimes, but I fear the intercourse which still exists, before they leave prison, with the old criminals, will annul all the benefit of the previous separate treatment. Their sentences I am sure are too long for their reformation, although the punishment may serve as a warning to others.

“However, to ensure the greatest amount of good, active measures to obtain a reformation are most desirable, and a careful and judicious supply of wholesome reading, religious and secular, must tend to enlarge and enlighten the minds of prisoners.

"The immense amount of idle time must be employed solely with their own devilish thoughts, unless stored with profitable reading to occupy the mind. They sleep little, for want of exercise, and the few hours of labour in the cells is but short recreation for hours of darkness and loneliness.

"I grant that the punishment is greater without these reliefs to the mind, but what avail is punishment that makes our fellow-creatures more brutish and hardened? The refusal of letters from a wife or children and friends or of correspondence with them is cruel, hardening, and injurious. What softens a hardened wretch more than the kind and sympathizing letters of an affectionate wife, suffering want and misery from his crimes, yet true to him in his loneliness and separation? The heart-rending messages of his children draw floods of tears from him and he is thereby softened. To refuse the right of such letters enrages and hardens a man, who considers that any addition to the punishment inflicted by the laws of his country is a persecution."

When the separate treatment was introduced in Berrima Gaol the question arose whether the prisoners to whom I ministered, undergoing solitary confinement, should attend the service held at nine every Sunday morning—hitherto for all prisoners of the Anglican communion—whether it would be well to hold two distinct services, one for the "billet" men and the other for those in the solitary cells, or whether the latter class of prisoners should attend service at all. The matter, in regard to prisoners of the Roman Catholic Faith, was, I believe, referred to the chaplain ministering to those of that church. The subjoined memorandum, from the rough draft of my reply written at the time, gives my ideas on the subject. It was purposed, I must explain, in the event of there being the two services, that the "solitary" men should be so placed as to see and hear the chaplain but be absolutely secluded as regarded their fellows.

“With reference to a memo. requiring the opinion of the chaplains as to services for the separate treatment prisoners, distinct from those for the ‘billet’ men, I should say that it would be necessary, if both classes of men attend, to have a distinct service for each class, for many reasons. From the experience I have had, however, I feel that there are so many difficulties attending the plan that I have ceased to desire the service.

“The whole arrangement I think objectionable. In the first place, men are compulsorily forced to the divine and solemn worship of Almighty God, like so many brute beasts driven to a show, under such restrictions and conditions as could tend only to excite the temper and feelings of the prisoners. The clashing with the various warders, the certainty of insubordination at times and consequent punishment, would give a strong prejudice against the service. The plans for an outbreak or disturbance would be many. The state of mind in which I have frequently found men in their solitary cells convinces me that on such occasions of outbreak they would attempt to take life or commit other acts of vengeance. I have seen men that were more like bull-dogs than human beings. Hours and days had been spent by them in nothing but the encouragement of burning rage and passions, ready for a moment’s opportunity to do mischief.

“But there are others, it may be said, quiet and inoffensive, who would, no doubt, profit by the services and patiently submit to the discipline. True; but where could the line be drawn? Or if drawn would it not hinder the worst class, feeling themselves excluded, from any strivings towards reform?

“I believe strongly in the separate system and that under it a minister can do the most good, but I wish to see many alterations in it. A whole year is too long for such strict confinement at one time. The good done is in most cases,

cast off by the large mixture of prisoners at Parramatta, and the well-inclined dread the ordeal they have to encounter.

"Then, the books provided for the reading of the solitary treatment men are not nearly sufficient, nor of a suitable kind for the cells. For years, too, I have applied for Bibles and prayer-books in large print, suitable for such dark cells, but cannot get them.

"Religious teaching is what most of the men, especially the natives, require, and they would willingly receive it when given. But I cannot say that they would be so much benefited by attendance at Divine Service, under all the necessary precautions and rules of the separate and silent treatment."

The causes which, in those days, operated to bring about the return of released criminals to their evil ways and, sooner or later, to gaol, are dealt with in the following brief paper written some forty years ago :

"A short time ago several prisoners obtained their liberty, having, through the clemency of the Government, received remission of a portion of their sentences. These men very quickly returned to their evil practices and are again incarcerated for a period of ten years or under, according to their deservings. The Press has, as usual, here and there, censured the Government for their act of grace, and the public at large feels happy that such villains are again nursed at its expense.

"The men, probably, will not be thought of again for years to come, unless the young 'Thunderbolt' commits some desperate crime, amidst his worthy associates, to call for investigation or comment.

"My mind has been much occupied to discover why this young man and so very many of his class have returned to

prison, and what remedy can be devised to do away with the state of things, in that respect, which at present prevails.

"The experience of some years as a gaol chaplain has shown me certain of the reasons why our criminal class remains large. I venture to suggest a few ideas that may, perhaps, assist the thoughts of those who, at a future time may give some attention to the subject of prison discipline.

"The objects of imprisonment are three-fold. First, I take it, the security of the public. Second, punishment of culprits and warning to others. Third, reformation of the individual.

"It cannot be granted that the system fulfils its design and compensates for the enormous outlay in connection with it unless these three objects are, in some measure, accomplished. If we find that an excessive proportion of men return to prison we cannot but doubt its success.

"It has often been remarked that gaols are the hot-beds and nurseries of crime. An old offender, too, often returns with one or two promising young men, led astray by his villainy. These, in their turn, become hardened and callous, ready for deeds of violence but grown wary in avoiding detection.

"The police, and the public generally, do not entertain the idea that any reformation has resulted from years of captivity. Too often the vigilance of the former and the misgivings of the latter tend to hasten a poor helpless devil back to his home—the gaol.

"From what I have learnt, I fully believe that Cockatoo Island was the mother of bushranging. There the apprenticeship was served, the lawless notions inculcated, which trained the ringleaders of that ever-memorable ignoble band of tyrants who, for a time, paralyzed the country and cost it, not only large sums of money already expended—with, probably, more to follow—but precious lives whose loss leaves many homes still desolate."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the succeeding pages I give some letters and extracts from letters written by, to, or concerning, prisoners at the time or previously under my spiritual direction in Berrima Gaol. Anything that could lead to the identification of any of these unfortunate men, whether since deceased or still surviving, to their own present discomfiture and disgrace, or to the shame and humiliation of relatives or descendants, has been, I hope I need hardly say, carefully eliminated.

It may be well to explain that, although it was forbidden to solitary prisoners to write or receive letters, there was no rule against, and I believe there was never the slightest objection on the part of the authorities to my communicating with the nearest relatives of the men, and transmitting messages of comfort and affection to them. I always regarded it as a duty to do this, and found that it not only brought alleviation of the misery endured by the convict and his family, thus in some measure to keep home ties from being broken, but that it proved a sure and powerful means of bringing wrong-doers to a penitent frame of mind.

After their term at Berrima expired and they were transferred to Parramatta, letters might be written and forwarded on occasion, subject to the approval of the gaoler.

The following is one of these, of which I have received many at different times. The thought cannot but sadden us that even at this day there must be numbers of men like the writer of it, eating their hearts out in gaol, who would most likely, under happier early training, have been leading

honest and useful lives—strong, fearless, teachable young natives, our own people, perishing for lack of the knowledge of good.

The letter is given, word and letter, as in the original, in my possession.

Parramatta Gaol,

November 13, 187—.

PRISONER'S LETTER—PASSED BY PERMISSION.

— — — GAOLER.

FROM PRISONER — — —

Reverend Sir,—I take the opportunity of addressing those few lines to you ; as you desired me.

In January 18— I received a sentence of ten years at Golbourn before judge — for robbery. Owing to my youth and inexperience the first period of my sentence, by ill advice I was led a stray, and consequently got into trouble. Since then my conduct has being good ; in fact it has been good for nearly five years : I hope I have grown wise through my own misfortune.

On your last visit at Parramatta gaol I spoke to you Sir concerning my case and the length of time I have been in prison you requested me when I was due to petition (which is on the first of next month) to write to you, and you would interceed with the Government for me, I trust Sir that you are in health with leisure to do so, and believe me I will never disgrace your goodness.

I was not twenty-one when I received this sentence.

I am a native of the Colony.

Including the time I was waiting for trile I am in the ninth year in prison.

Reverend Sir I remain your very humble obedient servant.

— — —.

It is extremely gratifying when an employer, recognizing deservingness on the part of an ex-convict employee, calls to mind, at the same time, with what gladness and gratitude the good news of the man's well-doing would be received by the minister who had striven to reclaim him, and goes to the trouble to send him such a note as this :

"Dubbo, April 27th, '72.

"I have a man with me named ——— who was doing a sentence in Berrima Jail and other places and he tells me you were very kind to him and interested in his welfare, consequently I am writing this to you with great pleasure to inform you that he is a very good member of society now. He has been fencing for me on the station . . . now he is driving cattle overland to Melbourne . . . a really good trustworthy man."

"Superintendent for the Lord Bishop of Newcastle."

That my prisoner friends did not always forget me when they had obtained their release is shown by the two following letters, selected from a number of the same sort :

"26—5—'72.

"I hope you will pardon me for not waiting to see you before leaving. I should be very sorry to be a burden to the only friend I ever had, therefore I intend to start in the morning for the diggings. I pray God to bless and reward you Sir for your kindness to me when I was a poor friendless almost broken-hearted convict. I shall always consider it my duty to let you know how I get on."

On 24th November of the same year the writer of the above is still mindful of his promise. He writes :

J

"Rev. Sir and dearest kindest best of earthly friends many many thanks for your kind letter you tell me to write often nothing but receiving a letter from you can give me greater pleasure than writing one to you. Thanks for your kind offer to look out an opening for me down country but I am contented with my humble lot. and perhaps when I obtain a knowledge of stock I may raise myself in the social scale. However I am content . . . when my twelve-months are expired (unless I get married) I will come down to see you. Tell the boys I am alright. I remain your humble friend and very grateful humble servant."

That the relatives of a convict do not always show their resentment at the disgrace brought upon them, by deserting the unhappy man who has been the cause of it, I have learned from very many letters sent me by such relatives. I have made the following extracts from some of these. The first three are from mothers of prisoners.

"If he is spaired I hope his future Good Conduct will show the Crime he was guilty of was more an act of Youthful folly than vice being onley 16 years old at the time he Committed the Crime I humbly hope he will yet be a good member of society. . . ."

"March 1st, 1871.

". . . I was so pleased to hear that he has seen the folly and sinfulness of his past life and I trust by God's help and grace he may be an altered man for the remainder of his life. Will you kindly tell him that I received a letter from his poor wife and that she sends her best love to him and his little daughter — is always talking about her daddy and the baby is walking very nicely tell my dear son that his wife has a place of service at —. I also received

a letter from his sister in Queensland and she wishes to be remembered to him also his brother and sister at home. Dear Sir will you kindly let me know when my son's sentence will be completed at Berrima for I am very anxious to see him. With love to him from all. . . ."

"July 19th, 1872.

"I received your letter and am exceedingly obliged to you for your consideration and kindness in having seen my son and sending me word about him. . . . I cannot tell you how pleased I was to hear of him. He was my only support and was to me always a good and dutiful son. . . . His sister — was making enquiries about him. . . . I should so much like to know when he will be removed from Berrima as I am informed that I will not be allowed to see him while there. I am now with Mrs. — and have everything I require and am thankful for having procured such a place. . . ."

Nor is it the mother alone, of a man's parents, who continues to love an unworthy son. The father of the prodigal is many times still to be found filled with affection and ready with forgiveness, as in the immortal parable of Our Lord. The next two extracts give examples of this.

". . . Thank God — is in such a state of mind as you describe. I hope and trust he will never forget the bitter lesson he has learnt, and he may yet be a blessing to us and his family and friends. As soon as — is removed to Parramatta Gaol and when the rules allow it I and my wife will try and go over [from another colony] and see him and try and comfort him. . . . When the time comes for — to be free again we will do all we can to get him

into some employment where his antecedents are never likely to be known. . . ."

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" . . . It seems strange that in my old age I should find such warm friends as yourself. . . . Judge — gave him [the writer's son] five years and said he could not give him less. Other Judges gave old offenders two and three years for greater offences. . . . A Supreme Court Judge does not like to meddle with the decisions of Puisne Judges in criminal cases and no doubt felt in a dilemma. An All-wise Providence intervened and — [a high personage] knew that on the Queen's birthday he had the Royal prerogative to forgive deserving prisoners. He has promised to take advantage of this prerogative and if my son gets a favourable report of his conduct through the sheriff from the governor of the gaol he will be freed on the 24th of this month and this undertaking may be the means of freeing some dozen others that are worthy of release in other gaols. Tell him to keep right. . . . Tell my son the family are well, and anxiously awaiting his arrival. Tell him Mr. — sends his respects and that Mr. — who saw him in Darlinghurst [Gaol] is glad to think he has not forgot him."

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The remainder of the extracts are from the letters of convicts' wives. Though forwarded and sometimes addressed to myself they were, naturally, meant for the poor women's husbands, who could hear of them and of their children through no other channel.

I cannot think but that they must move the heart of anyone possessed of human sympathy to compassion, and to some measure of admiration for the faithfulness and brave endurance of these women.

"January 20th, 1868.

" . . . my littel children preys Night and Moring for the relese of you hoping you will soon be home, with them, . . . the Twins Groes well and begins to talk so plain. Birdy is always talkin about dada comes here he comes She seen a man coming with cattle O — I littel thought that ever I wold have to rite to you in such a plect af[ter] fourteen yaers and a helf to be Seppreed but thank God your suffering inocent through vileney I wish they wold find the filley. . . . No mor from the heart the loves you derly."

" . . . I can only say dear husband still hope you know who awaits you at home (The word I know is still dear) Good-bye from your own loving wife."

"March 13/69.

"I received your kind letter and I am thankfull to hear my dear husband is well . . . will you be kind enouf to to tell him that all is being done to prove is Innocence and several respectable people as orefered to come forward to state what they know of his Innocence and surely the Governor will do something for him it is very hard indeed for me and my little ones 5 in Number and I know it is still Harder for my dear Husband. . . . With kind love to my dear Husband in whitch his dear little Children unite and tell him their is not A day but they speak of him and shed A tear and pray for him safe Home to them Again."

"5 Feb. 70.

"Mr. hassell

"Rev. Sir i received yours of the 20 informing me of my husband i feel much indebted for the kindness shown . . . and glad to hear that he is in good health. . . . i hope that he will not fret but thank the divine providence

for the sparing his life in so narrow escape every person wanders that it was he that escaped and ar sorry for the sentence that he got for defending his own life publick oppinnion is that the deceased and his wife was both dangerous characters and should not be left at large . . . little watty in the night wakes up and asks is daddy come home my love to my dear husband."

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"15th February 1871.

" . . . I wish you would be kind enough to let my Poor Husband know that I and his dear children are in very good health desires to be dearly and fondly remembered to their dearest Father, I hope you will tell him to keep up his spirits & try and brook to all his misfortunes, O it was hard to be sperated from such a good husband and father . . . do kind Sir cheer him up, tell him I am getting on very well, and have got the cultivation Paddock all Ploughed up, intend putting in 10 acers of oats and 25 acers of wheat, have bought firstrate seed. . . ."

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The influence in high quarters which a gaol chaplain is sometimes supposed to possess is indicated in the subjoined extract from a letter addressed to me in 1869 by the wife of a man sentenced for a mail robbery some years before :

"I am begging a favor hoping you will not refuse to ask the Governor about my husband's case . . . who is suffering innocently. . . . I have children and no means of supporting them. I would be extremely oblidged to you Sir if you will consult His Excellency about the matter. I confidently trust Sir that you will use your influence about it. . . ."

On more than one occasion, as is elsewhere mentioned, I had the happiness of bringing about the release of prisoners wrongfully convicted. The subjoined extract from a letter received from one of these men seems to show that my advocacy of any case was not entered upon without good grounds.

"You ask was there any other influence brought to bear on my case, in bringing it to an issue. I can only say nothing very material. . . . You going personally to Mr. Wearne was as Mr. Miller says the main-spring of my quick release. In his letter to me last month he says both he and Mr. Miller could not help observing the alacrity that was shewn in endeavouring to release me after your conversation. Mr. Wearne called on Mr. Miller after you left Sydney and told him he would not leave anything unturned to get my release at once after Mr. Hassall's belief in my innocence."

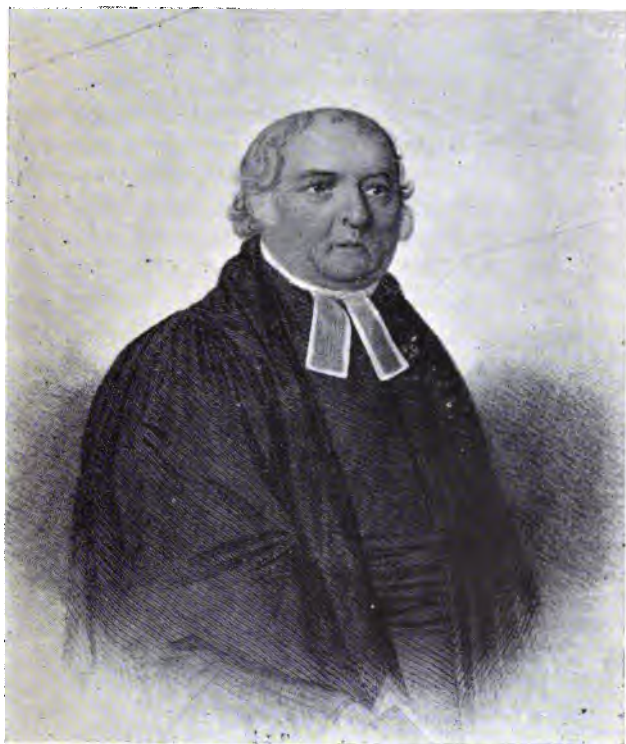
CHAPTER XV.

IT may be interesting to some of my relatives and other readers if I refer to the life and character of my grandfather, the Reverend Samuel Marsden. Several short accounts have been written but no-one has, as yet, undertaken to write his history. This is to be regretted as Mr. Marsden was, for over five-and-forty years, one of the leading men in New South Wales and a most useful citizen, taking part not only in ministerial but also in magisterial and political affairs. My object will chiefly be to throw some light on my grandfather's character, and on the colonial life of his day, by giving extracts from some private letters which I have in my possession and which have never before been made public. These must necessarily be connected by certain elucidatory remarks which, however, will be as few and brief as possible.

Samuel Marsden was the son of a respectable Yorkshire farmer. We first hear of him as a boy in England, working in a blacksmith's shop with his uncle, at Farsley, in Yorkshire, his native village.

A stained-glass window has been placed in the parish church there and a monument erected in the churchyard to his memory.

He had been a pupil at the local grammar-school, and had acquired a love of learning, and notwithstanding that the boy's parents, originally Church people, had become followers of Wesley and Whitfield, the parish clergyman took an interest in him and was the means of placing him at a good school in Hull. The head-master of this school was the Reverend



THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN.

Appointed Colonial Chaplain by King George III., 1793.

p. 136.

Joseph Milner, author of a Church History and other works.

From Hull Mr. Marsden was sent by the Ellard Society to the University of Cambridge.

He had not taken his degree when he was chosen by the Reverend Charles Simeon as the most suitable man to be sent out as a chaplain to the penal settlement of Botany Bay. The Hon. W. Wilberforce had at the time, with much difficulty, persuaded the Imperial Government to appoint another clergyman as colleague to the Reverend Richard Johnson, who had accompanied the first fleet in 1789.

Mr. Marsden was reluctant to leave the University without having taken his degree. At last, however, he consented to do so, left Cambridge, was ordained deacon and shortly afterwards priest, and made ready to set sail for Australia.

One of the first things he seems to have done in the way of preparation was to write the following letter to a lady, whom his lack of a degree had not hindered his falling in love with, Miss Elizabeth Frislan, who resided in Hull. I have the letter still, and quote it to shew the very proper sentiments of the future chaplain and the decorum of courtship a hundred and eight years ago.

“London, March 14, 1793.

“DEAR BETSY,

“I have not had an opportunity to thank you for the Scripture Characters before now ; since I came to London my time and thoughts being so very much engaged. I hope you will not consider this as a mark of my Disrespect, but rather look upon my peculiar situation as a sufficient Apology for my conduct in this thing.

“Since my lot is now, seemingly, cast and God appears to be opening my way to carry the Gospel of His Son to distant Lands ; the time is come for me to lay open my thoughts to you, which have long been hid in my own Breast.

"I shall venture to submit to your Consideration the following important Question (praying at the same time that the Lord would enable you to answer it agreeable to His own Will ; and in such a way as may conduce to your own happiness and mine). The Question is this: Will you go along with me? If upon considering the subject you can answer in the Affirmative and say: I am willing ; then my heart (as far as it is proper I should give it to the Creature) and all I have are yours. I believe if it be for my good and His Glory He will provide me with an Helpmate ; and if not He will give me a Mind resigned to His Will. I persuade myself I sho^d. be happy in the Enjoyment of you more than any other ; yet I do not wish to purchase my own Peace at the Expense of your Comfort ; but only if you think you would be happy. . . . Then I cheerfully offer you my Hand and my Heart whenever you please.

"I remain,

"Dear Betsy,

"Yours most affectionately,

"S. MARSDEN."

The offer, I need not say, was accepted or my mother would not have been born just outside Sydney Heads and carried ashore by old Mr. John Palmer in a silk pocket-handkerchief. The register of her birth in the Parramatta church dates 2nd March, 1794.

Mr. Marsden's arrival is just touched upon by Captain Collins in his account of the first ten years of the history of New South Wales.

His coming could hardly have been very welcome to Governor Grose, who at the time was a bitter enemy to the Reverend Richard Johnson, a most worthy and devoted man.

The country was at the time in a dreadful state of lawlessness and wickedness. Mr. Johnson remained about

six years longer and was always a friend of Mr. Marsden's and a kindly fellow-worker with him. His health gave way and he returned to England, leaving my grandfather the only clergyman in Australia for over seven years.

I have an account of those eventful times in a number of letters written by Mr. and Mrs. Marsden to friends in England at various dates, from their arrival in the colony up to 1819. These they had copied before sending them to England by the chance opportunities offering in those days. I will give a few details and extracts which throw some light on the condition of the country in their day and give proof of the interest they took in its progress.

My grandfather's first letter, dated August, 1794, refers to his safe arrival with his wife and child, and mentions that they are not to be sent to Norfolk Island, as they seem to have anticipated, during Lieutenant-Governor Grose's tenure of office ; that, whilst staying with the Reverend R. Johnson, they had been robbed by convicts of sugar, shoes, and a number of other things ; that they were fourteen miles from Sydney and travelled backwards and forwards by boat on the river, and that there were difficulties betwixt Mr. Johnson and the Lieutenant-Governor, that made the senior chaplain's position unpleasant. The several duties that Mr. Marsden had to perform without any church are likewise enumerated.

Mrs. Marsden, who seems to have been a no less indefatigable correspondent than her husband, writes in a letter of 11th December, 1794 :

"I have one Companion at Parramatta, the Commanding Officer's wife, Mrs. Macarthur, a very pleasant and agreeable Lady, mother of three fine children. At Sydney there are several ladies, so that we have some respectable Society. Upon the whole, my Situation is far more comfortable than I expected to find."

The Macarthurs referred to are the Camden Park family. I remember Mrs. Macarthur, the good old lady who was my grandmother's friend.

In a letter from Sydney to Mr. Stokes, in September, 1795, Mr. Marsden writes :

"Probably you will be a little surprised at receiving this unexpected line. But as a Circumstance has taken place in the Colony which I am persuaded will be gratifying to you, I have taken the liberty of communicating it to you.

"On the Fourth of this Month, the very day Governor Hunter's Commission was read, we received information that the Cattle which were lost seven years ago were found. They have not yet been brought to Camp, neither has their number been fully ascertained. The men who found them counted 39 ; three large Bulls, the remainder Cows and Calves. They imagine there are many more than the above number. You contended, before I left England, that the Cattle would not be destroyed, but found, which is now proved to be the case.

"Another singular Circumstance has also happened lately. About five years ago, some Convicts left the Colony in an open boat, in hope of making their escape. Four of these men were found a few days since by Capt. Broughton, who commands his Majesty's Ship *Providence*, of 20 guns (which is sent out here on discovery) in Port Stevens, and brought to Port Jackson. They have not been heard of for the last five years and have all this time been living among the Natives of New Holland. I have not yet heard how these men spent their time among the poor Savages. They were quite naked, like the miserable Natives, when Capt. Broughton met with them.

"With respect to the Colony, it prospers much. Cultivation gets on very rapidly. At present we have the prospect of a large crop of wheat, which will be ready for reaping in Novr.

I think this one of the finest Countries in the World, and no people will be happier in a short time. Our live stock increases very fast. I suppose there are no less than 1400 goats and sheep in the Colony at present and these have young twice a year. We are now independent of foreign countries for dry provisions, and in three or four years shall have plenty of animal food. I wish we had some thousands of the poor English families here. We could soon make them very comfortable.

"I have lately visited Norfolk Island. The inhabitants there are well provided for. They have plenty of dry provisions, and also animals raised by themselves. You may buy a good fowl for 6d. and a duck for 10d. or 1/-. They have also plenty of salt pork. Should you hear reports of the suffering of the people here they ought not to be believed. Such reports must be in great measure false.

"Should this letter, written in great haste as the ship is gone down the Harbour, afford you one moment's amusement, I shall be recompensed for my trouble."

The glimpse of Old Australia afforded in the above extract gives a not unpleasing notion of the progress already made by a community not more than seven years old.

The subjoined extract from a letter of Mr. Marsden's, written from Parramatta to a friend in England, on 3rd December, 1796, gives an amusing sketch of the diversions of an Australian town-and-country parson a hundred years ago :

"I have much to occupy my time, a great variety of duties to perform. I am a gardener, a farmer, a magistrate, and a minister, so that when one duty does not call me another does.

"In this infant Colony there is plenty of manual labour for everybody. I conceive it a duty for all to take an active

part. He who will not work must not eat. Now is our Harvest time. Yesterday I was in the Harvest Field assisting in getting in my wheat. To-day I have been sitting in the Civil Court, hearing the Complaints of the People. To-morrow, if well, must attend the Pulpit, and preach to my People. In this manner I chiefly spend my time. It may appear strange, but it is necessary, situated as we are here. You can form no idea of our state. I wish to be found faithful, to act like a Christian and Minister. I can say that I do not eat the bread of Idleness.

"It is my opinion God will ere long visit New South Wales with His Heavenly Grace; that of these Stones He will raise up Children unto Abraham. . . ."

"Our Crops are immensely great. We have the greatest abundance of Wheat now and could maintain some thousands more People, if we had them, with dry Provisions. We could make plenty of Wine, if we had persons who understood the Operation properly. . . . I should be very thankful if you could by any means send me out a few Hop cuttings. I think they would grow. . . ."

A note appended states that this letter was received on 19th March, 1798.

Mrs. Marsden writing from Parramatta on 6th —, 1798 [month omitted in original], after referring to the loss of two vessels, the *Lady Shore* and the *Sydney Cove*, says in regard to the latter:

"If what Mr. Marsden had in her had come safe, it would have made us very comfortable, as at that time we were without many of the Comforts of Life, such as tea, sugar, wine, spirits, &c. It was very laughable to see us sitting down so formally to Balm Tea, or Wheat Coffee, sometimes without sugar. Since that time, we have been supplied from India. . . ."

"P.S.—We are surprized to see the alterations in the Fashions. The Bonnet with white satin ribbons is much admired. Dear Madam, your goodness induces me to take the liberty to say a little white ribbon will be acceptable."

After six years' service, and whilst he still had the companionship of Mr. Johnson, the prevailing vice and wickedness were such as to cause Mr. Marsden for a time to lose heart and almost resolve to give up the struggle against them. On 22nd February, 1800, he writes :

"My situation becomes disgusting and painful to the last degree. I long to quit the Colony and to retire from such scenes of Ungodliness and Wrong. Our friends can form little more idea of our situation in this Country than they can of the Invisible Region.

"I have made application to Government to return; whether I shall obtain permission or no I know not. If I do you may expect me in London in about 18 months, God willing.

"After you receive this, should any material change take place, so as to afford any prospect of real Good to the Colony, I might be induced to remain longer. This depends wholly on Circumstances.

"I think it probable Mr. Johnson will return soon. It is his present intention to do so. We may say in our Departure from this Country, we have been fairly hunted out of the Settlement. Our Life is one continual Scene of Contention and Opposition, from the beginning to the end of the year. Besides, living where Iniquity abounds so much, and our Civil connexion with the worst of men, renders our Souls dry and barren. We feel little of that vital Spirit of Life which is essential to the happiness and progress of the real Christian."

Mrs. Marsden, in a letter written from Parramatta on 13th November, 1802, says:

"I rejoice that Mr. and Mrs. Johnson reached England in safety, and had a happy meeting with their Friends. I daily regret the loss of Mrs. Johnson's society from this Country; so much so that I have not visited Sydney but once since she left.

"Our Society of married ladies increases. We have now twenty.

"You have no doubt heard what an Affliction we have been visited with in the melancholy Death of our dear little Boy. We were going to the Farm. A servant was driving him and me in a single horse Chaise, Mr. Marsden was on horseback, when a man, twenty yards from our house, carelessly ran a wheelbarrow directly under the wheel of the chaise and overturned it, and my dear child never stirred more.

"Picture to yourself my feelings, to have him in Health and Spirits and the next moment to behold him in the arms of Death. This is the first time I have taken up my pen to write to England since I lost him, tho' it is now fifteen months."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE first building ever set up in Australia for the worship of God was erected by the Reverend Richard Johnson, first Colonial Chaplain, at his own expense (though he was reimbursed by the Government on his leaving the colony), and in great measure with his own hands.

The design was cruciform, the nave, it is said, seventy-three feet long by fifteen broad, and the transepts forty by fifteen. It was built of wattle, not the tree we know by that name, but a sort of Christmas bush, *callicoma serratifolia*, and cabbage palms. The interstices between the slender tree-trunks were filled in with a kind of plaster, and the roof was thatched.

The building, together with a schoolroom adjoining, cost according to Mr. Johnson's own estimate of the expenditure, no more than £67 12s. 11d. It stood near what is now Macquarie Place, Sydney, the east side of the Cove, and used to be called the "wattle-and-dab" church.

Though begun in July, 1793, it was not finished till two years afterwards. This long delay was due to the culpable indifference and negligence of the Government, to whom the chaplain had for years appealed in vain to provide a place for public worship, and to the unwillingness of the people to help him in the work.

In consequence, as was suspected, of an order from Government enforcing attendance, the church was burnt down by the convicts in October, 1798. Governor Hunter, as a punishment, commanded that the labour-gangs should thence-

forth spend their Sundays in building another church. Ultimately, however, under the idea, perhaps, that a severer punishment would be inflicted by at once providing a place of worship, and continuing rigorously to enforce the order requiring attendance, the Sunday labour was stopped and a store was given by the Government to be used as a church.

At Parramatta, the services were held in a carpenter's shop or in the open air, until, on the first Friday in August, 1796, Mr. Marsden opened a church built out of the materials of two old huts. This temporary place of worship stood at the corner of George and Marsden streets.

On the 5th of April, 1797, the foundation stone of old St. John's, Parramatta, was laid, the first brick church in Australia.

As in the case of the first Sydney church, building went on with extreme slowness. It was finished at last, however, and was consecrated on Easter Sunday, 10th April, 1803, by Mr. Marsden himself, and opened for Divine worship.

In a letter dated 27th April, 1803, Mr. Marsden refers to the consecration of St. John's.

"Last Easter Sunday," he says, "I consecrated my church at Parramatta. This building proves a great comfort to my mind, as I now can perform Divine Service in a manner becoming the Worship of Almighty God. At Sydney there is no place for Public Worship, and I fear will be none for a long time to come. I do my duty with great reluctance there, and few attend, for want of accommodation.

"This is simply one of the most shameful neglects of Government that perhaps was ever known, since we became a nation professing Godliness. . . . It has been with many years labour and patience that I have got a Temple erected. It has been built in troublesome times, and had many to oppose it. Sometimes I contested with those who opposed my Church, and sometimes craved their aid. At

length I have had the honour of dedicating it to the Worship of God, and shall retain a grateful sense of His goodness in opening the way thus far."

Elsewhere, referring to the occasion, Mr. Marsden mentions that "many females of the first respectability were present." It seems to have been specially encouraging to find people at church who came of their own accord.

The text from which Mr. Marsden preached on that ever-memorable Easter Sunday was taken from Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple, II. Chronicles vi. 18, "But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house which I have built."

The difficulties arising from the absence of a colleague are indicated in the letter of 27th April whence an extract appears above.

"I am surprised," the writer goes on to say, "that no clergyman comes out in place of my former colleague, Mr. Johnson. He tells me he has no inclination to visit us again, and that no-one has been appointed to succeed him. . . . I should be happy in a Colleague as I am constrained to travel from Parramatta to Sydney every Sabbath, which is 16 miles, and preach at both places. Another clergyman would ease me in this respect and some others."

The concluding portion of the letter shows how pleasant and comfortable the surroundings of the chaplain and his household had become at their country orchards and farms, outside Parramatta, thanks to their own persevering industry.

"I am making great progress in my garden and orchard," Mr. Marsden writes, "and have got many hundreds of different fruit-trees, and great abundance of some kinds of fruit. I have made more than 60 gallons of cider this year, which promises to be very good. It was made from peaches, for tho' we have apples they are not of the cider kind. I have hops also

growing very well. The vines have run more than two feet."

On 13th March, 1804, Mr. Marsden writes that some seeds asked for by friends in England had been sent by the *Calcutta*, together with a small netting-box made of Australian beef-wood, and refers his correspondent to the gentleman who took them home for information of the colony.

"This gentleman," he says, "can give Mr. — a particular account of the wild cattle having paid a visit to the Cowpastures. Mrs. M. has visited them a month ago."—I have heard that Mrs. Marsden and Governor King's lady rode from Parramatta to Mount Hunter and back in a day, a journey of at least seventy miles, passing the wild cattle in the course of the ride.—

"Where the wild cattle feed, it is the finest country the Imagination can conceive. The Hills and the Vales are so beautiful.

"It was my intention to have sent you a good collection of seeds by the *Calcutta* but I have been prevented by the Irish Rebels. They have given us much trouble lately and put the Colony in some danger. I hope they are subdued for the present. They had laid a plan for a general Insurrection ; fortunately it did not succeed."

In an undated letter, which reached England in August, 1804, Mr. Marsden indicates that he foresees the future greatness of Australia :

"With respect to temporal things," he says, "we have abundance in the Colony. Our present crops are very promising, and cultivation goes on very fast. Our flocks and herds increase and multiply very much ; beef and mutton will soon be plentiful. This country will at some future period become great from the richness of the soil and the Healthiness of its Climate."

Mrs. Marsden's contented disposition and willingness to make the best of things must have conduced in no small

degree to her husband's comfort in the trying circumstances in which he often found himself placed. In the same letter from which an extract appears above he says:

"Mrs. Marsden . . . is extremely contented in her situation, suffers little affliction either of body or mind. She rides a good deal for amusement and exercise, on horseback, being a good horsewoman. She will ride to Sydney and return the same day, which is thirty miles, very well. I keep a good horse entirely for her use and convenience. We have not much agreeable Society; and therefore endeavour to supply the want of it in the most pleasant manner we can."

Mr. Marsden went to England in 1807, and returned in 1810. The subjoined extract is from a letter written at Rio, South America, whilst on his passage back to New South Wales, 1st December, 1809.

"My cattle got out to New S.W. very safe. I have seven Spanish Sheep with me on board the *Ann*, two males and five females. Two hives of Bees I found in Rio, I shall attempt to take out. The Gooseberry and Currants I took from England are also alive. I think it probable I shall get them out."

My mother, Anne Marsden, then a girl of fifteen, returned with her father and mother on this voyage. She had been sent home when only six years old, to be brought up and educated away from the undesirable influences and examples then too prevalent in the colony.

Two clergymen, the Reverends William Cowper and Robert Cartwright, had been induced by Mr. Marsden during his visit to England at this time, to devote themselves to ministerial work in New South Wales. They arrived, separately, in 1809, and both were spared to labour long and faithfully in their adopted country. Mr. Cowper is said to have attended over three hundred criminals on the scaffold. Two of his sons are known as eminent servants of Church

and State—the present Dean of Sydney, and the late Sir Charles Cowper.

After his return from England, in 1810, Mr. Marsden writes to a friend there from Parramatta on 4th May of the same year :

“I am persuaded you will be glad to hear of our safe arrival in New South Wales after a very pleasant passage of 20 weeks at sea.

“I was much surprised to find Governor Bligh still in the Colony, and the 102nd Regiment containing many of my old friends.

“We met with a very kind reception from the inhabitants in general. They expressed much pleasure at our return. Many have been great sufferers during the Revolution. I believe both parties will have little more than vexation, trouble, and expence. The Colony at large has been much injured and its prosperity checked ; it will require some time to recover so severe a shock.

“The only thing that seems to have increased in my absence is the horned cattle. Notwithstanding the great slaughter that has been made, they are become very numerous. Fine beef is now sold to Government for victualling the troops at 9d. per lb. and will in a short time be much less. It is the finest country in the world for cattle.

“My stock has done well in my absence, and all my servants have behaved well. I found them all as I left them, excepting one man. This is much to the credit of men who are, or have been convicts, that such a number of them should do their duty for three years without their master's eye.

“I am also happy to inform you that I have the gooseberry, currant, and vine, in a very fine state. I also took out 2 hives of bees and have got them out safe, but am afraid that many of them are dead, as I have had no time to attend to them since we landed. I really forgot them and left them

in the Governor's garden, where I fear the heavy rains have injured them.

I took 5 Spanish Sheep from Portsmouth, which I received as a present from his Majesty. Four of these I landed safe, and two lambs.

"I think I have been very fortunate in all these valuable things.

"I have collected many more useful things, and have introduced them into the Colony. Every little adds to our stock. . . .

"Mr. Oakes, the bearer of this, was Head Constable here and is ordered Home as an evidence of the arrest of the late Governor Bligh."

Two years later, on 2nd November, 1812, Mr. Marsden is able to testify to the continued progress of the settlement in regard to agricultural matters. He says:

"Our Settlement abounds with Plenty. I wish you could take some of our surplus grain. We had many thousands of bushels this year that we could not consume. Our Harvest is just at hand and very heavy crops, and our stores in a great measure full.

"We have about 20,000 head of cattle, and about 56,000 Sheep. I think this will in time become one of the finest Countries in the World."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE progress made in Australia by the beginning of the second decade of the nineteenth century was not confined to material matters. The following extract from a letter of the 25th June, 1813, proves this.

"A wonderful change has taken place since my return from England," three years before, "with respect to the moral situation of the Colony. The Governor, Mr. Macquarie, is very attentive to Sabbath Days, and a very moral man. A very good understanding has existed between him and me for some time past. He very readily meets all my wishes with respect to the good order and Moral Improvement of the Inhabitants.

"I have applied for more Clergymen and some Schoolmasters. Should you know of any that would answer me, will you communicate with Mr. Wilberforce? I have written to him on the subject. I am certain Government will allow of two more Clergymen. . . .

"This will be a great Colony in time, and the Wool will soon make a remittance to the Mother Country. I send home by the vessel more than 8000 lbs. That I sent to England before averaged 3/9 per lb. What this will sell for I know not. I always foresaw that wool would be of vast importance to this Settlement, and have now convinced the Farmers, so that they will now attend to their flocks."

It was natural that Mr. Marsden, as a Yorkshireman born and bred, should look on wool-growing as the first of industries. The extract given below shews, however, that he

was quick to recognise the value of others with which he became acquainted in later life and in other lands. The extract is from a letter of 8th October, 1814.

"By this conveyance I have sent you the first pair of stockings made in the Colony from my Spanish wool. I have also sent you samples of wool from some of my sheep; five samples, from five rams and two ewes.

"I have made great progress since my return in the improvement of my flocks. I have for years been convinced that the wool would be the Gold mines of this Country, and of vast National importance, and I trust a spirit of improvement will be excited thro' the Farmers, to grow fine wool. We must have an Export, or the Settlement will never prosper, and this promises to be the first

"I have also sent you a sample of cotton wool grown in the South Sea Islands. With a little encouragement, the natives of Otaheite and other Islands would grow great quantities.

"You will also find a skein of thread made from the flax which I had lately brought from New Zealand. This is a natural production of that Island, and may turn to great National account.

"The Mountains have lately been crossed, which hitherto had prevented all communication between the present Settlements and the country beyond them. A number of men are now employed in making a road over the Mountains, as a Pass has been found. The country is said to be very fine beyond them. One gentleman travelled more than 100 miles after he had passed the Mountains, and found the country very good and a fine River running through it towards the west"—the Macquarie—"abounding in fish. I have no doubt that when we get beyond the Mountains we shall find some of the finest ground and very probably some of the large rivers which may empty themselves into the Sea, on the west side of New Holland."

The work carried on in the way of educating and otherwise caring for the children of the growing settlement is indicated in the same letter.

"We are getting on with good schools for the children, in all the Districts," says the writer. "I am now putting the roof upon the Female Orphan House at Parramatta, which will contain about 200 girls. It is a noble Building. If the young girls are only taken care of and kept from Vice, the Colony will prosper, as they will be a principal means of checking the growing National sins, by arresting the vicious inclinations of young men."

Mr. Marsden's interest in his live-stock is manifested in the subjoined extract from a letter written on 26th November, 1816:

"I have sent you by the bearer, Mr. John Grant, a drawing of one of my horses, as you have a drawing of the Bull. He is a very fine animal, and fit for any Gentleman. I saw few superior when in England. His Grandfather and Grandmother both came from India. He was the best for the road we ever had in the Country, and would trot 15 miles in the hour.

"I shall perhaps some day send you the drawing of a Ram; you will then have the heads of my flocks, herds, and horses. My English Cow and Bull are very fine. The Officers of the 73rd Regiment brought one cow along with them from England. This I purchased on my arrival. I offered them £40 sterling for her; this was a temptation they could not pass over. I thought her cheap and we were all satisfied. . . .

"I have most of the artificial grasses growing which are cultivated in England. One field all English grass I have mown and made into hay. Were you now to visit us you would imagine that you were in England except in the pleasure you would feel in breathing a pure air."

That religious concerns were not neglected by the chaplain amidst his pastoral occupations is evident from the following—

the extract is from a letter from Parramatta, dated 29th March, 1817.

"This will be delivered to you by a pious messenger, who is coming to England with the intention of taking Holy Orders as soon as he succeeds in attaining the necessary literary qualifications.

"I hope he will stand in my place when I have finished my labours, and preserve a Holy Seed in this distant Land. I consider him a young Timothy and I hope he will be an Honour and a Blessing to the Church of Christ."

The above refers to my father, the Reverend Thomas Hassall. He was, I have always understood, the first Australian who ever devoted himself to the Christian Ministry.

Throughout Mr. Marsden's letters, I ought perhaps to mention, there are frequent references to religion. To quote such here would, however, be beyond the scope of these tales and reminiscences.

The extracts given from his correspondence shew him to have been a true colonist. If he had lived in the present day he might have been made archdeacon or bishop. There was, however, no call for such offices when he was the sole clergyman in Australia.

For a long time, as has been shewn, he had not a church to preach in. He had more poor criminals to attend on the scaffold than baptisms to perform or marriages to celebrate. He had neither schools nor orphanages to supervise until, after long delay and anxiety, he himself established them.

He had no food for his household excepting his weekly ration from the Government stores, until, with his own hands, he planted his garden, and in course of time received, as did other officials, his grant of a hundred acres of land, with thirteen convicts to work it.

It was, no doubt, some recreation to his far-seeing mind to consider the great capabilities of the new colony, and to lend

his hand and his purse to encourage those little beginnings which have tended to make Australia one of the brightest gems of the British Empire.

Where did the wool, with its thousands of bales and its millions of pounds worth annually, spring from? Go to the Sydney Museum and there you may see the very first samples of wool, raised by Mr. Marsden and presented to Governor King, in 180—. Samples, not from those choice Saxon merino sheep, given by George the Third to Mr. Marsden in 1809, but from Cape of Good Hope sheep, improved by several judicious crossings, before his visit to England to return in due time with the merinos, and cattle, and bees. The Marsden breed of cattle, I may remark, were long known as the best in the colony.

The Macarthurs are generally credited with having been the founders of the wool industry in Australia. To much of the honour of its establishment, I am aware, they are justly entitled. Some share of it, notwithstanding, I think I have shewn, justly belongs to Mr. Marsden.

The more important matter of the introduction of ministers of the Gospel into New South Wales and missionaries into New Zealand will always render the name of the second Australian Chaplain revered throughout the Southern World. "The Apostle of New Zealand" is a title of honour as well-earned as aptly bestowed.

Besides concerning himself with the advancement of the colony in pastoral, agricultural and educational matters, Mr. Marsden busied himself at different times in obtaining from the Imperial Government concessions of great importance to the well-being of the colony.

"How very much out of place," many would say—and have said—"for a minister of religion to occupy himself with temporal matters." Still more, however, have said when they came to know the vast and enduring good accomplished by



SPECIMENS OF THE FIRST-PRODUCED AUSTRALIAN WOOL.

*Presented to Governor King by the Rev. S. Marsden in 1804. In the Sydney Museum.
p. 156.*

Mr. Marsden, both for his own colony and for New Zealand, that he was no common man, but one raised up by the Almighty to fulfil His purposes, and to leave blessings behind him for generations to come.

He had qualities suitable to his day. He knew not what fear was. He was the bold reprovcr of vice and, it may be said, the only one at that day. Governors, officers, officials, settlers, and emancipists, all alike came under his stern rebuke, whenever he saw wrong, injustice, or profligacy practiced.

No wonder that he was hated, maligned, misrepresented, by an evil community.

Despite their slanders, however, publicly confuted in his own lifetime, I can vouch for the fact, from what I have gathered respecting him years ago whilst there were many living who personally remembered him, that no-one was more beloved and esteemed by the upright and conscientious part of the colonists than the Reverend Samuel Marsden.

The difficulties he had to contend with were very great, especially during the Governorship of Mr. Lachlan Macquarie, who, though favourably disposed at first, was afterwards no friend to Mr. Marsden, and for twelve years ruled the colony with arbitrary power.

Notwithstanding Mr. Macquarie's delight in erecting public buildings, churches among them, and adorning them with his name, there were certain urgently-needed buildings that were asked for in vain. There was no orphanage for children deprived of their parents, and this in a country where family ties were few and the aid of relatives not available. There was no home or any place of refuge for deserted or illegitimate children. There were hundreds of convicts, both men and women, at large in Parramatta without housing, who were left to find shelter and food how and where they could.

Mr. Marsden repeatedly pressed for the erection of buildings, especially for the women, but without avail. At last he

represented the disastrous state of things to the Home Government. This gave great offence to the Governor, who in return was but too ready to send home a charge of cruelty against Mr. Marsden, alleging that in his magisterial capacity, he had ordered a man an excessively severe flogging.

This charge was returned by the Home authorities to Mr. Marsden, to report upon. He was, of course, surprised to find such a complaint made against him. As day and date were given, he searched the police records, and found his name attached to the order for a certain punishment. He saw at once that the entry was a forgery, but the difficulty was to prove it so.

My father at the time was acting as Mr. Marsden's curate, and I have heard him say that Mr. Marsden asked him at the time whether he could remember where he, the chaplain, was on the day in question. My father could not recollect just then, but some days after he recalled to mind that it was Mr. George Cox's wedding-day and that Mr. Marsden had gone to Windsor to marry him.

Mr. Marsden obtained witnesses from the Windsor district, as to his absence from Parramatta at the time, and thereby effectually cleared himself of the false and malicious charge.

In the "Australian Almanack" for 1834, page 261, the following paragraph appears :

"A.D. 1828. The Reverend Samuel Marsden, Principal Chaplain of the Territory, published a pamphlet, in which he satisfactorily vindicated his character from certain unjust aspersions cast upon it in the course of 1825 as the result of the proceedings of a Court of Enquiry held in this Colony in that year (May)."

Both Mr. Wentworth and Dr. Lang have maligned Mr. Marsden. The former, however, could have had no sympathy with him, as they differed on subjects causing great controversy at the time, in which contests Mr. Wentworth was a violent

leader on one side. Dr. Lang wrote very favourably of Mr. Marsden when he generously advanced some £200 to enable the doctor to complete the Scots' Church, but turned against him when his agent, Mr. Robert Campbell, of Campbell's Wharf, demanded repayment from Dr. Lang whilst Mr. Marsden was in England.

No doubt the statements made have materially injured the reputation of Mr. Marsden with many readers who have perused some of the accounts of old colonial times at the present day. I have the pamphlet referred to in the old "Australian Almanack," in which Mr. Marsden exonerates himself from the charges brought against him.

Mr. Marsden, happily, lived to see all his long-cherished plans and wishes fully carried out. A female factory and an orphan school were established in Parramatta, a school of industry in Sydney, numerous schools for children throughout the colony, and a school for Aborigines at Black Town, under the care of his old friend Mr. Hall, whom formerly he had sent as a missionary to New Zealand. Several churches were likewise erected, among them St. Philip's, Sydney, long occupied by Archdeacon Cowper, already elsewhere referred to.

Good old John Campbell, of the Wharf, who gave the peal of bells and a generous subscription to the new church, the present St. Philip's, once said in my hearing that he could go to sleep during the service because he knew the Gospel would be preached by his old pastor.

The Archdeacon's son, the present Dean of St. Andrew's, and a native of Australia, now past his ninetieth year, succeeded him, a man beloved and venerated above almost all others to this day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE crowning work of Mr. Marsden's life, which of itself would make it certain that his name will never die, is the introduction of the Christian religion into New Zealand. His heart and soul was in the evangelization of that country, its name was on his dying lips. It is not without cause that he has been called "the Apostle of New Zealand."

The awakening of his interest in the place and people was brought about by what some may call an accidental circumstance, but one which many others will, I think, like myself, regard as providential.

Mr. Marsden had seen in Sydney, at various times, a number of Maories, and saw that they must come of a noble and intelligent race.

He invited some of them to his house, tried to civilize them, and succeeded in gaining their affection. Missionaries, over whom he had some control, had been sent to Tahiti and other Islands of the South Seas by the London Missionary Society, in 1796, and his highest desire was that New Zealand should also become a mission-field.

In a letter dated June, 1813, Mr. Marsden says :

"You will hear that King Pomare has embraced Christianity. The New Zealand Chief who lived with me," Duaterra, afterwards again referred to, "has at length got to his native land. I have heard most flattering accounts of him, and trust he will open the way for the introduction of Christianity into his native land. God had very important designs in view when he induced the British Govt. to establish a Colony here."

In another letter he says :

"I think you will hear of wheat and all kinds of grain being grown in New Zealand before two years are over ; my friend, one of the chiefs," Duaterra, "who has lived with me and acquired a knowledge of agriculture, will introduce cultivation amongst his countrymen. This will add greatly to their civilization and comfort, and prepare the way for greater blessings to be communicated to them, even the blessings of Christianity.

"I may be too fond of the Garden, the Field, and the Fleece. These would be the first objects of my attention were I placed amongst a savage nation. The man that introduced the Potato into Ireland and England merited more from these Nations than any General who may have slain thousands of their enemies."

The subjoined extract from a letter written to a friend in England on 4th June, 1819, shews how earnest he was in the work of establishing Christianity throughout the South Seas :

"I have just received letters along with your son's the same day, from Otaheite and New Zealand. The Missionaries wrote from Otaheite that Pomare had built a Chapel or Church which will contain three times the number of persons that St. Paul's will hold. It is 760 feet long. The Great Meeting was to take place there in May, when all the Chiefs of the different Islands were to assemble for the purpose of devotion. I apprehend nothing like this has occurred since the Apostles' days.

"I hoped that they would have a real Pentecost and that the Holy Spirit would be poured out upon all flesh above measure, so that the Missionaries may ask : 'Can any man forbid water that these shall not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?'

"I am astonished above measure at the success of the Mission. Never were there, perhaps, more weak and unlikely

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Instruments than have been employed in this work. Previous to my return to England, the Missionaries had relinquished the Work twice. Two only remained the last time. When I returned to New South Wales, I found the Missionaries again in the Colony. They told me they could not return again. Their Labours were all in vain. I wanted to know why they had left their Stations with a resolution never to return. They stated their reason, which I have no doubt satisfied them that the South Sea Islands were not the field in which they were destined to labour by the Head of the Church.

"I had very different views of the Subject, though it did not appear at that time proper for me to state my sentiments, their minds were too weak, their feelings of disappointment too keen, and without hope. Time relieved their minds a little, the Mission became a subject of frequent conversations, and at last I wrote to them calling upon them to the Work once more, expressing my humble Confidence they would succeed in the end.

"When their consent was again obtained, I took up two Colonial vessels, in which they were embarked and were landed again in Satan's dark Dominions. They surrounded his City, blew their Ram's horns, and the walls of Otaheitan Jericho fell. The Heathen altars no more streamed with human blood. The new-born Infant no more expired beneath the Murderer's grasp. The Habitations of Cruelty were illuminated by the Morning Star, which indicated the speedy rising of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings. . . .

"I am happy to say all is well in New Zealand. I cannot doubt but the time is come for these Cannibals, who were a terror to the civilized World, to become the Children of our God.

"New South Wales would not have detained me if it had not been for the post which the great Captain of Salvation

assigned me for the good of the Heathen. I could not have lived under the rod of Oppression for any human authority, unless I had been chained hand and foot. The question which I often put to myself when smarting under Scourges of Power and Injustice is : 'Am I at my Post? Do I believe God sent me here?' The answer ever of my mind has always been : 'Yes.' I will then defend my Post. I will not quit till I am relieved."

The earnestness and zeal with which Mr. Marsden entered upon his mission work amongst the Maories is here made manifest. If it had been after the inspiring news from the South Sea Islands that he began his New Zealand mission, we should not have been surprised. But we find the letter telling of the work going on there to have been written in 1816, at which time two years had elapsed since his first visit to the country to introduce the missionaries whose services he had obtained. On his return from England, in 1810, he had found the Otaheitan mission abandoned for the second time, and although he induced the missionaries to return to the island, no good results had been heard of at the time the New Zealand mission was undertaken, excepting that, in 1813, the king, Pomare, had embraced Christianity.

His faith, notwithstanding, was always firm that the mission would prove a success, although one would suppose that it must now and then have been rudely shaken. When he returned from England with his missionaries, he found that the crew of the ship *Boyd* had been murdered at the Bay of Islands, where the Maori friends he had entertained at Parramatta mostly resided. On account of some provocation given, the New Zealand savages killed all on board excepting one child, a little girl, who in after years was the mother of a large family, and held a high position. She was a friend of mine for many years. All the victims of the massacre were cooked and eaten.

Revenge was taken by a later vessel, which made matters worse, as it was said that the innocent suffered for the guilty. It would have been madness to send missionaries at such a time, so that the mission had to be delayed between three and four years before an attempt could be made to establish it.

One may imagine Mr. Marsden's anxiety to begin his mission. When the time came to do so there was still a difficulty which some might have found insurmountable ; there were no apparent means of conveying the missionaries to their destination. No vessels now touched at New Zealand. Mr. Marsden, however, was not easily beaten. He bought a vessel, the *Active*, of one hundred tons burden, and despatched two of the missionaries in her to New Zealand, to make enquiries with regard to the feeling of the people. He wished to go himself but was refused leave by Government. They were well received and a desire was expressed that missionaries might be sent to them. Mr. Marsden was so well-pleased with the favourable report that he decided to go himself to New Zealand and inaugurate the mission.

A number of lectures, pamphlets, and books have been published at various times, relative to the mission. In these Mr. Marsden's active participation in the work is duly recorded. He made seven journeys to and fro to visit his much-loved mission, and to set things in order from time to time, as changes were made or difficulties arose. This last no man on earth could have done unless he had commanded the love and respect of the New Zealand people.

I have often, as a child, looked upon a good picture of the *Active*, hanging on the wall, in one of the rooms in my grandfather's house, the old parsonage at Parramatta. One can imagine the joy and pleasure Mr. Marsden must have felt on going on board to enter on the fulfilment of his long-cherished hope of founding the mission. There were trials, troubles, and difficulties enough in the land he left

behind him, but many would have been far from willing to face, in place of these, the dangers that awaited him on the sea and on the farther shore.

In a lecture delivered, many years ago, by the Reverend Dr. Woolls, of Sydney, the following passage is quoted from a report of Mr. Marsden's journal of his first visit to New Zealand :

"We embarked on board the *Active*, on Saturday, the 19th of November, 1814, and sailed down the Harbour early that morning ; but were obliged to anchor again near the mouth by contrary winds. Here we were detained eight days. On Monday, the 28th, we weighed anchor and got out to sea.

"The number of persons on board the *Active*, including women and children, is thirty-five ; Mr. Hansen, Master, his wife and child ; Messrs. Kendall, Hall, and King," missionaries, "with their wives and children ; eight New Zealanders, two Otaheiteans, and four Europeans belonging to the vessel ; besides Mr. Nicholas, myself, two sawyers, one smith, and one runaway convict, whom we afterwards found on board. We have also on board, one Horse, one Bull, and two Cows, with a few sheep and poultry, intended for the Island. The Cows and Bull were presented by Governor Macquarie, from his Majesty's Herd."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE *Active* arrived safely at New Zealand on the 15th of December, and Mr. Marsden received a hearty welcome from his native friends whom he had formerly so hospitably entertained at Parramatta. The chief Duaterra, who had gone to Sydney in the *Active* and returned by her to his own country, appears to have been Mr. Marsden's right-hand man.

Great wars had been carried on between contending parties, since the massacre of the *Boyd*, and another engagement was about to take place at this time. I have been told that as many as two thousand warriors were gathered on one side alone. Mr. Marsden saw that it would be necessary to make peace before he could leave his missionaries among the combatants. This Duaterra thought was impossible. Mr. Marsden, however, went over to the camp of the opposite party, accompanied only by his friend, Mr. Nicholas, told them he wished to talk with them about the war, and slept the night by a chief, one of his friends.

His remarks, describing his thoughts as he lay awake in the night, are very interesting. As he looked upon the hundreds of cannibal savages sleeping around him, he prayed that the time might quickly come when they should become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The next day, he succeeded in establishing peace among them, not, as my father did, years after, in pacifying the Bathurst blacks, by the sacrifice of a bullock, but by the

offer of the missionaries to teach them and preach to them and to instruct them in the Gospel of Peace for the regeneration of the whole of New Zealand.

Mr. Marsden had not anticipated that he himself would be the first to proclaim the Gospel in their midst, but so it proved. Duaterra had spent the day in preparing a place in which to hold Divine service on the morrow, enclosing it with a brush fence, and setting up seats and a sort of pulpit after the English fashion.

When Mr. Marsden and all the passengers and crew of the *Active* came ashore at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, which was also Christmas Day, they found the English flag flying, and the three great chiefs, Korokoro, Duaterra, and Shunghei, decked out in regimentals formerly given them by Governor Macquarie, with their men drawn up ready to be marched into the enclosure, to attend Divine Service.

Having entered, the two armies, if I may call them so, took their places opposite to one another, on either side, seating themselves on the ground, whilst perfect silence prevailed.

Mr. Marsden began the service by giving out the hundredth Psalm, metrical version,

"With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise,"

which the Europeans present sang most heartily. The Church of England prayers followed, all the Maoris rising and sitting at the proper times, directed by Duaterra and others, until Mr. Marsden entered the pulpit, which was covered with a black cloth. The text of that first New Zealand sermon was the greeting of the angel to the Bethlehem shepherds, appropriate both to the occasion and to the day, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to you and all people."

The Maoris told Duaterra that they could not understand what the preacher meant. He replied that they would understand it by-and-by, and that he would explain the meaning to them as far as he could.

Duaterra was much pleased with the success of the first service, and promised to do everything in his power to forward the interests of the mission.

Two years afterwards, on 14th March, 1816, Mr. Marsden writes :

"All has gone on well hitherto, and I have only to regret the death of that great man Duaterra, in whom I had placed such confidence for carrying on the mission in New Zealand, but in this respect my hopes are blasted."

Duaterra died after a long illness, brought on by ill-usage on board a whaling ship at an earlier period.

Mr. Marsden obtained land for the mission, set all in order, and returned in his little vessel to Sydney, accompanied by ten of the New Zealand chiefs.

Five years had passed away before Mr. Marsden was able to take a second voyage to New Zealand. He left Sydney on the 26th July, 1819, accompanied by three more missionaries.

In the meantime, however, he did not neglect the New Zealanders. He bought some land close to Parramatta, on the south side of the river, which he called Newlands, built a two-story weather-board house upon it for them, and laid out land for cultivation, so that they might be instructed in farming, as well as receive some education and religious teaching. I believe he has had over twenty scholars there at a time. The undertaking was given up, I believe, when a school had been formed at the Bay of Islands. The New Zealanders, however, continued to be made welcome at the old parsonage at Parramatta.

I recollect, as a boy, seeing a number of them who lived in a part of my grandfather's house which he had allotted

to their use. They went every morning to watch the soldiers on parade, and afterwards used to rehearse the whole performance on their own account, long sticks supplying the place of muskets. Their idea was, I fancy, to get themselves up in the practice of civilized warfare, and so steal a march on their tribal enemies in their native land.

My father, the Reverend Thomas Hassall, lived at Newlands, after his marriage with my mother, Miss Marsden. I was born there in October, 1823, whilst my grandfather was absent on his fourth trip to New Zealand. The house stood opposite the steamers' wharf, and was still standing while I was at the King's School.

Some years ago, I found amongst my father's papers a large manuscript book, containing a full account of my grandfather's second voyage to New Zealand. It was given to my father by old Mr. Alexander McLeay, when Colonial Secretary. Since then it has been submerged, whilst in a friend's house, in the Queensland flood of 1893, and is now quite illegible, and although I had read it before the accident, I cannot recollect many particulars. Among the missionaries then in the country, my grandfather mentioned the Reverend Nathaniel Turner, the well-known Wesleyan minister, afterwards of Tonga, Sydney, Parramatta, and, lastly, of Brisbane. Mr. Marsden travelled inland, accompanied by a large number of natives, who carried him over swamps, rivers, and rough places.

Elsewhere, I find some account of the visit, in a letter from Mr. Hall, one of the missionaries, under date September, 1819. The writer says :

"Our dear friend Mr. Marsden has been in New Zealand since February, and is now about to return. . . . We have been under alarm for the safety of this valuable man for some days past, some natives having arrived from the eastward and stated that he left his Majesty's ship *Coromandel*

in the river Thames, and proceeded many days' journey up the country, and had been killed by the savages. His arrival overland at the Bay of Islands in health, after a circuitous journey of about seven hundred miles, relieved our minds and gave us additional cause to bless and thank God for His protecting care, and that He had again heard and answered our supplications. There is not one in ten thousand, I think, who would or could have borne the privations, difficulties, and dangers, which he has undergone. I pray that he may reap the fruits of his labours by the New Zealanders turning from the degraded state in which they are at present to serve the living and true God."

The three succeeding visits were all important and tended to the advancement of the New Zealand mission. Wars were frequent, and at times the mission was all but abandoned, but Mr. Marsden's presence never failed to restore order and peace.

On his sixth visit, in February, 1830, his daughter, Miss Mary Marsden, accompanied him. I have a letter still which she wrote to me from New Zealand at the time, now seventy years ago. In it she mentions having seen the donkeys sent by my grandfather many years before. Mr. Marsden purchased them from Captain Piper for twenty pounds, with the idea of making a valuable addition to the live stock there. As soon as the animals arrived they transgressed, by straying on to tabooed land—sacred ground where the dead had been buried. This offended the natives, who took them in a canoe to an uninhabited island, where they remained until the people became civilized enough to allow them to be brought back for the use of the missionaries.

After Mr. Marsden returned from this visit to New Zealand, I remember at different times meeting several of the missionaries at the parsonage and elsewhere. Among them were the Reverends William Williams, Davies, Yates, Maunsel,

and Richard Taylor. Mr. Taylor was stationed at Liverpool for some time before he went to New Zealand. The Reverend Mr. Bobart, also one of the missionaries to that country, was afterwards curate to Mr. Marsden and succeeded him in St. John's, Parramatta. He married Miss Elizabeth Marsden, one of my mother's younger sisters.

It was about this time that I remember New Zealanders living at the parsonage. Sometimes I have seen a fresh batch arrive from their own country, when there would be great rubbing of noses and crying for joy at meeting old friends.

I recollect Mr. Marsden's seventh and last visit to New Zealand, when he was accompanied by my aunt Martha, his youngest daughter. He was then a widower (my grandmother having died some two years before) seventy-two years old, and very infirm.

They left for New Zealand in the *Pyramus* on 9th February, 1837, and returned to Sydney by H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* on 27th July, after an absence of five months.

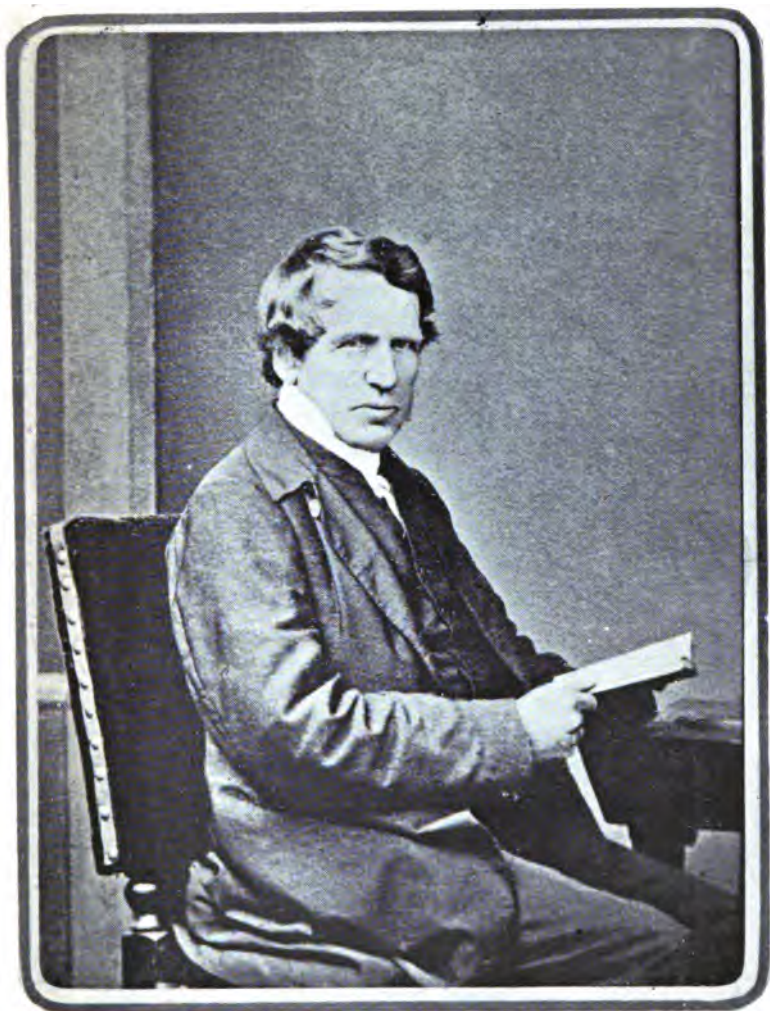
Mr. Marsden's main object in this last visit was to secure the establishment of a code of laws amongst the New Zealanders, and the union of all the tribes of the northern island under one chief.

These wise designs were unhappily frustrated by a misunderstanding which arose amongst the chiefs and prevented their meeting in council to consider the matters that he had purposed laying before them.

In the same year Bishop Broughton, then the Bishop of Australia, visited New Zealand, and administered the rite of confirmation to some hundreds of the natives. The Bishop preached at the Bay of Islands on Christmas Day, twenty-three years precisely after Mr. Marsden held the first New Zealand service.

Mr. Marsden died on the 12th May, 1838, and was interred in the cemetery of St John's, Parramatta.

Besides the memorials in his native place, before referred to, a monument to his memory was erected in St. John's, and one in New Zealand, and a beautiful church was built as his memorial—All Saints', Marsfield, now Parramatta North.



THE REV. THOMAS HASSALL, M.A.

Appointed Colonial Chaplain by King George IV., 1821.

CHAPTER XX.

NO-ONE was better known at one period of the early days in New South Wales than my father, the Reverend Thomas Hassall.

Mr. Hassall landed at Tahiti, then known as Otaheite, on the 5th of March, 1797, when a child not three years old. He was born at Coventry, Warwickshire, England, and accompanied his parents to Tahiti in the missionary ship *Duff*. He was one of a family of eight children, of whom the two elder sons were born in England. The circumstances in connection with their coming to Australia have already been mentioned.

When the family lived at Parramatta, the younger boys, with their schoolfellows, had their tricks, as boys will. Their schoolmaster was very fond of shooting, and whenever a boy told him that there was a bird outside the schoolroom he would take his gun and go after it, the boys all following him. One day when he was looking out of the window for the bird, the sash fell and caught him by the neck. He could not raise it himself, and the boys, to whom he called for help, took their hats and cleared off for home, leaving him in a very awkward position.

Mr. Hassall was quite a lad when he was placed in a merchant's office in Sydney. He first went as a clerk into the office of Merchant Campbell, of Campbell's Wharf, and afterwards into Captain Birnie's office.

Mr. Hassall established the first Sunday-school in Australia. For many years the Sunday-school feasts were a great institution. They were held on the parsonage hill, Parramatta,

and were the delight of the Reverend Samuel Marsden, as long as he lived.

For some little time, Mr. Hassall lived on a farm of his father's, on the Hawkesbury River. I have heard him tell of a great flood in the river, which occurred at the time when, with twenty others, he escaped to a house where they remained until the flood subsided. The rain continued for six weeks, without intermission, and the people in the house had only a single bag of flour to live upon for some time, and were without any other of the necessaries of life.

The extracts and selections from old letters received before he went to England, preserved by my father, which are given in the succeeding pages will, I think, be found interesting.

His boy-friend and playmate, George Cox, who remained to the end of my father's life his warm and valued friend, writes to him from Clarendon Farm, Hawkesbury, "At Mr. Jones', Merchant, Sydney," on the 2nd of June, 1811 :

"DEAR THOMAS,

"I have now taken the opportunity of dropping you a few lines by my Brother Henry ; and expect in return to hear all the news of Sydney from you.

"In your last to me you said you would like to have a bantam Hen which I shall give you with pleasure at any time you want it. The Rabbits are not doing quite so well as we could wish but for all that I shall not despair.

"We have a great many Pidgeons now and some of the Handsomest you ever saw.

"Everything else are doing well. We are working like a parcel of horses for our living while you are setting with your hands before you half your time. Henry tells me you are a sadd Boy and I suppose it is from you he learnt all his shocking ways. . . .

"Yours sincerely,

"G. COX.

"P.S.—Do come up if you possibelly can."

From the three following extracts it would appear that the supply of articles in Sydney, beyond the mere necessities of life, was as uncertain for many years after as it was in 1798, when Mrs. Marsden had to send to a friend in England to get her "a little white ribbon."

In a note from Henry Cox, dated from Clarendon on 23rd April, 1813, and endorsed, "To be forwarded immediately," the writer says :

"As soon as you receive this will you have the goodness to go to Mr. Wm. Wentworth and ask him in my Brother George's name for some Allum which he promised him as we are getting a collection of Birds and it takes a good deal of Allum to cure them. . . .

"P.S.—Be so good as to send the Allum up as soon as ever you get it."

Mr. John Palmer writes to Mr. Hassall, then in Mr. Birnie's office, in Sydney, from Waddon Farm, on 11th October, 1813 :

"MY DEAR THOMAS,

"Your Brother Jonathan informed [me] the other day that there was at Mr. Jones's for sale a small pair of Boots which he thought would fit me. If you think they will, and they are not disposed of, I will be very much obliged if you will send them up and my Brother will settle with you for them. You will be able to guess the size of my foot as it is about a half size less than Jonathan's. . . . The price, I understand, is twenty shillings Currency which I think is very cheap. Pray let me hear from you as soon as possible. . . ."

Mr. Hassall's reply is copied out on the blank page left by his correspondent. It must have been read with keen disappointment.

"Yours safe to hand," it says, "and it would give me great pleasure to serve you if possible but the boots you write for are Indian top-boots, and would be of no service if they

were sent up, as they are so narrow in the legs that it would be inconvenient for any person to put them on. To get them off again would be a matter of little importance, as they are so thin, in my opinion they would rend in the operation. So much for the boots. Should I see any that would answer your purpose I will let you know by the earliest conveyance, but fear I shall not succeed."

The following letter from the Reverend Robert Cartwright also enlightens us with regard to the condition of trade supply at a somewhat later date :

"Windsor, feby. 15. 1815.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken abt^d the Wool &c., &c. I must request you will likewise see the present load weighed & entd^d to my acco^t with Mr. Birnie. I have now according to promise sent the whole of this year's produce. I think you will find the present quantity to be superior to the first.

"I thought to have been at Sydney before now but have been prevented. I shall be much obliged to you if you will procure for me

"A Bag of Sugar
A Barr or two of Iron
A small quantity of Rope
4 pieces of Nankeen
4 pieces of good com Calico
36 panes of Window Glass 8 by 10.

"If Mr. Birnie should not have these things perhaps you may get them at Marr's. Be good enough to send me an acco^t of them."

Mr. Hassall has written the first draft of his reply on the inner pages of the letter, left blank by the writer. It runs as follows :

Sy., 17th Feby., 15.

"DEAR SIR,

"The wool weighed 193 lbs. It was a good sample of Lamb's wool. As Mr. B. has not seen it the price cannot be stated. He does not allow near so much for lambs' as for fleece wool.

"I have got some of the things per list inclosed which I expect to settle for in the course of the day. There is no Iron to be purchased in Sydney, neither window Glass of the size you want; there are some 7 x 9 @ 3/- sterling a pane. As I am coming up on Saturday next I will if possible bring up an account of what Mr. B. allows for the wool. With Best respects to Mrs. C., &c., &c.

"T. HASSALL."

"Sent from Marr's.

"Bag Sugar ; 222 lb.; 10d.	-	-	£9	5	0
4 p. Calico	-	-	-	5	0 0
4 p. Nankeen	-	-	-	2	4 0
from Williams, Rope	-	-	-	10	0

£16 19 0"

It is to be hoped that the price Mr. Cartwright got for his "Wool" was in due proportion to the price he had to pay for his "Sugar."

It seems strange to us that so late as the year 1816, the settlers no farther than some forty miles from Sydney should have been in danger from attacks by the blacks. That they were so, the two following extracts shew very plainly indeed. The first is from a letter to my father, written at Macquarie Grove, a farm on the Cowpasture River, near Camden, by my uncle, Samuel Hassall, on 16th March, 1816.

". . . The departure of all my family . . . took place on Monday last, with no small pleasure to some of

M

them, as I have reason to believe they were much alarmed on account of the desperate outrages of the natives, which are really awful.

"On last Lord's Day, as I was in my little room, composing and committing to paper a Morning Prayer, about five in the afternoon, a messenger arrived with news that two natives had just informed him that the whole body of Cundurah natives intended to attack Mr. Macarthur's farm, to plunder and murder all before them, and from thence to proceed down to Mr. Oxley's, to act with them in the same manner, and from thence to our farm, which you must judge gave me a severe alarm, on account of the little ones.

"I immediately proceeded to Mr. Lowe for protection, whom I found ready to afford every relief to assist. He immediately sent off the guard of soldiers stationed at his farm, also all the arms, with men, that he could raise, leaving his own farm unprotected. He also sent and pressed all the arms and ammunition in his district, with men to use them. When we assembled at this place on Monday morning, four or five women came with dreadful tidings, saying that three of Mr. Macarthur's servants were fallen victims to the dreadful hostilities of the savage natives at the Upper Camden, and that they were on their way to the Lower Camden, when we all fell in and distributed our ammunition . . . but a small proportion to each man. We marched to Lower Camden, where we were joined by another party of men. . . . We mustered about forty armed men, some with muskets, some with pistols, some with pitchforks, some with pikes, and others with nothing, from the Upper Camden, with an intent only to act on the defensive and if possible to take them prisoners, that being the Government orders.

"On our arrival there, we found that the most mischievous party of the natives were moved to the N.W. of that place, with an intent as before mentioned. We took from thence

a small company of the more friendly natives, who informed us they could take our party to the camp of those natives, at the same time telling us that they would shew fight whenever attacked, which proved to be the case. We had not gone far before our guides told us that they were there, when Mr. Lowe desired Budberrah to interpret to them our intent. They would not adhere to what he said but immediately began to dance, in a manner daring our approach.

"We immediately advanced toward them, when they threw a shower of spears among us. We commenced a fire, but to little effect, owing to the disorder of our men and the bad and dangerous situation we were in.

"The enemy were posted on an high perpendicular rock and we underneath, where the spears and stones came in great abundance, which caused us to retract but . . . in such a manner that I wonder a great number of us were not killed. Some even threw off their shoes to enable them to run fast; others, being weak and feeble, rolled down the hill, the natives still pressing hard. . . .

"They continued their retreat to the top of another very high hill, which my horse was scarcely able to ascend, but had scarce reached the top when they turned down again, and I could scarce keep up with some of them.

"At the same time, I must not forget to tell you, some of the party appeared to be too bold in their following them and firing, when the natives would fall down as soon as the men would present their muskets at them, and then get up and dance. In a short time they disappeared, when we thought it most expedient to march to the stockyard, to save the lives of three men that had the care of Mr. Macarthur's sheep there, as we had every reason to believe they were gone thither.

"Scott stated his fears of his wife and family's coming home; that the natives might go and kill them all, and

asked for one to go with him. I mentioned it to Mr. L., he objected, saying we had better not separate, lest we should be speared by natives. Feeling for the poor women and children, I rode with him myself, the distance being about four miles, more or less.

"When we came to the place all was very quiet and still, the women and children just coming home from our farm. We told them they must return, that the natives had obliged us to retreat. They appeared quite distressed. One said she would not go till her husband went with her, or she would die with him. The others turned to the settlement.

"Our party soon arrived with the men, leaving their flocks behind to the mercy of the storm. Part of the men remained at Scott's for the protection of his place and the remainder of the party went to Macquarie Grove, where we took quarters for the night, quite fatigued.

"The next morning we were all under arms, Mr. Lowe and his men just returning home, when Croneen came running to inform us that the natives were at their yard and, he feared, had killed one or more of the Government stockmen. We immediately collected all we could of the men just gone, and sent off a messenger to Mr. Lowe. He came immediately and brought all he could muster again, and lent me his horse to take Mother to his farm for the night.

"I returned about ten o'clock in the night, when, to my very agreeable surprise, I found a reinforcement, Henry Byrnes, and ammunition.

"We kept watch all night, expecting an attack, my watch, with H. B., coming on at four o'clock in the morning, which gave us but three hours to rest. Nothing took place but marching to and from Mr. Oxley's farm, Mr. B. being our commander, which I am sure would make you laugh, were you there to see the fun, provided you could hide yourself, as I am persuaded you would rather hide than fight. . . .

We are in daily expectation of their paying us another visit. . . ."

Mr. Henry Byrnes, who is referred to in the preceding letter, writes to Mr. Hassall, from Macquarie Grove, of which place he seems to be in charge for the time, apparently about the same date :

"With much regret I have to inform you of the Natives return to this quarter, and of the awful death of poor Bromby, one of your shepherds, who was cruelly murdered by them on Friday, between four and five o'clock in the evening.

"About an hour before the murder, Abraham Hearn came up on horseback to inform us that the Natives were then at the Shepherds' Huts. We sent him to Mr. Oxley's, in order to get the Soldiers, which he did, and in the meantime Mr. Bradley and I prepared to go and assist them. But before we had time to get off Geo. Ambridge arrived, stating that they had cast two spears at him. I gave him a musket and ammunition, and he ran back.

"Mr. Bradley and I ran down as soon as possible, and on our arrival there we found Mr. Oxley and a few soldiers, together with a native guide, who was then searching for the tracks of the Murderers, but in vain.

"Mr. O. told us that he had found a flock of sheep without a keeper, and wished some person to search for him. Accordingly, Mr. Bradley and I, accompanied by G. Ambridge, went round the Cut Hill in quest of the Body, but to no purpose. We at length got to the top of the hill, when we discovered a smoke in two places, one bearing about a mile and the other two miles to the west of us, but as the sun was then down, Mr. B. thought it useless for him and me to go over without the Soldiers.

"On our return from the Hill, we met Hearn and his men, who informed us that they had found the Body of Bromby. We then took them up the Hill, but as it was too dark to

see the smoke, we could only describe the place upon which we had seen it. Hearn said he had no doubt of its being the Natives, and promised to take the Soldiers to the place that night, provided they would go with him.

"We then went to where the Body lay and there I saw an awful sight indeed. . . . After we had extended the limbs and placed the Body as regular as we could, Mr. B. and I then returned home, it being too dark to remove the Body before morning.

"We went to inform Mr. Oxley of what we had seen and what Hearn said respecting the smoke. Mr. O. then requested the Soldiers to go with him that night in search of the offenders, but when they came to where we saw the smoke they could see no Natives, but their Native Guide soon got into their track and, it being Daylight, they followed the track until they came to a very high rock, on top of which was a thick Brush, where they soon discovered a Camp, as they supposed of Women and Children, and got so near under them as to hear a woman tell a child not to cry, for that his father was gone to kill white men.

"The party found that before they could get at the Camp they must go a round of three miles (by reason of the very high rock upon which the Natives had encamped). They therefore went round, but before they could reach the place the Natives had fled, nor could they find their track for upwards of an hour. At length they found the track and soon discovered the Natives a short distance before them, along the river side, but in travelling over some rocks they again lost the track, as well as sight of the Natives.

"Mr. Oxley and his party, being both weary and hungry, were obliged to return without doing any execution whatever.

"On Saturday one of Mr. Macarthur's shepherds was chased from his flock over to the Government Stockyard by, as he said, upwards of two Hundred Natives, who retreated when they found the Man getting quite close to the Huts.

"Finding the Natives so near us, I rode over to inform Mr. Lowe, lest he should be suddenly attacked. He informed me that on Thursday one of his men was going through the Bush from Mr. Oxley's, and met five Natives, within a mile of his House. One of them wishing good morning, they passed on without taking further Notice. Mr. Lowe kindly offered to send his party to our assistance, at any hour we chose to send.

"If you can send us a little powder, it will be very acceptable as Mr. Sam^l left us rather short when he went away."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN 1817 Mr. Hassall went to England, to study for the ministry. The vessel by which he sailed was ten months on the voyage. She had first of all to go to Batavia for loading, and there the crew took yellow fever, so that the ship was detained for three months. They were next delayed at Rio, then a usual place of call, and also touched at St. Helena, where Napoleon then was. It must have been a most tedious voyage.

My father met with good friends in England, to whom he had taken letters from Mr. Marsden and others. The Stokeses, to whom Mr. and Mrs. Marsden so often wrote, were among them, as was also Dr. Mason Goode. On one occasion, the famous William Wilberforce said to him, "I wish I could lay my hands upon you and send you back at once ; ministers are so much wanted at Botany Bay."

Mr. Hassall preferred to study at Lampeter College, in Wales, as it would have taken some time to work up for Oxford or Cambridge. He remained there for four years, for part of which time he had as a fellow-student a son of the great Sir Walter Scott. The present fine college buildings had not been erected at that time. All that I have seen of Lampeter in those days is a picture of a small thatched building ; perhaps it was where my father lodged.

He was very fond of the Welsh people, and learnt their language. I have mentioned elsewhere that a Welshman left him his property in his will, because he had talked to

him in Welsh, when riding over the Blue Mountains to Bathurst. The man had not heard his own language for twenty years.

Mr. Hassall heard of his father's death, from influenza, in 1821, which hastened his departure from England. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Howley, and, having taken priest's Orders shortly after, was appointed a chaplain to New South Wales. He received his degree of Master of Arts from the Archbishop of Canterbury at a later date, with others of the old clergy. I still have his appointment as chaplain, signed by George the Fourth. He arrived home in Sydney in the same year.

I find in an old "Sydney Almanack," of 1834, a chronological table of events, from the foundation of the colony to 1832, in which the following note occurs, relative to the first visitation of influenza :

"The complaint was general, many of the inhabitants were consigned to the grave in a few days, from the violence and fury of the attack, and some few have to this day the remains of the visitation still as a painful companion. Great numbers of the poor aborigines fell victims to this novel and severe distemper. Mr. Roland Hassall, a gentleman universally beloved as a pious, benevolent, and valuable member of society, and who had been a resident in the Colony for over twenty years, died August 30th, 1820.

"Two lovely babes, from the same cause, quickly followed their honoured and lamented Grandsire, having just looked at this lower world to bid it an eternal farewell."

Mr. Hassall, on his return to Australia, was appointed assistant chaplain to Mr. Marsden, at Parramatta, where he remained for some time. In 1822 he married my mother, Mr. Marsden's eldest daughter. In 1824 he was sent to Port Macquarie, as the chaplain of the penal establishment there.

At Port Macquarie, my father had a difficult part to play.

The gaol was one for doubly-convicted felons, and the accounts of the tyranny and cruelty exercised in this hell upon earth surpass in horror all other accounts of the sufferings of prisoners in convict times.

Some of the warders, who had previously been convicts, were most cruel and bloodthirsty wretches. Men were flogged to death, and unheard-of punishments were inflicted. Naturally, Mr. Hassall's presence was objectionable to such men, especially as he represented the state of matters to the Government. Captain Allman, the first commandant, a good and humane man, had, I believe, been removed before this time.

In a diary of this period, kept by my father, and now in my possession, he mentions having had to go to Sydney on business, leaving Port Macquarie on the 1st of February, 1825. The vessel called at Newcastle, and reached Sydney on the 8th. On the 21st he again sailed for Port Macquarie, arriving there on the 4th of March. Thus, with contrary winds and the uncertainty of a sailing-vessel, it sometimes took a fortnight to accomplish what a steamer will do in one day at the present time.

Five days after his return, the diary mentions, a prisoner, to save himself, by the forfeiture of his life, from cruel punishment, cut a fellow-prisoner's head open with an axe, without the slightest provocation.

On the 28th of July, Mr. and Mrs. Hassall, with their children—myself and my baby sister, born some weeks before—left for Sydney, arriving on the 12th of August, and on the Christmas Day following they heard of the loss of the *Henriette*, with all their baggage, books, and furniture, on the voyage from Port Macquarie. No lives were lost in the wreck.

Mr. Hassall was next appointed to the then new district of Bathurst, where he held Divine service regularly, at Bathurst,

O'Connell Plains, Mr. Street's, and other localities. About the end of May he went to meet my mother at Colette's, one of the earliest inns on the Bathurst road, at the foot of Mount York. I suppose there was no house for my mother and us children until the one was built at O'Connell Plains to which I am about to refer.

My father, fortunately, had obtained a grant of land at O'Connell Plains, twelve miles from where Bathurst now stands, and as there was no church or parsonage, he erected a house upon his land, which, after the usual fashion in the Bathurst district then, consisted of sod walls and grass-thatched roof.

The sods were cut out with a spade in squares, at right angles from the surface, and laid upon one another with the grass side downwards. The soil was a black clay. When the walls were up, the outside was smoothed down and stuccoed with lime, so that they looked as if built of brick or stone. A house of this kind lasted for many years. Ours was in good order when I saw it thirty years after. One of the same description was built for the troopers, on the Bathurst road, and the place is called "The Sod Walls" to this day.

Whilst living at O'Connell Plains, an event happened which was long remembered by our family. The blacks in the district were very wild and troublesome. One in particular, named Saturday, was a terror to the white inhabitants, so much so, that I find in an old "Sydney Almanack," under date 14th August, 1824, the following entry :

"A series of indiscriminate attacks having been carried on by the black natives in the neighbourhood of Bathurst for a considerable time, martial law was proclaimed." And again : "Five hundred acres of land offered by Government for the apprehension of Saturday, the black aboriginal leader."

Now this Mr. Saturday was not content with disturbing the

white people, but must needs attack another tribe of blacks. These, when overcome, rushed for safety into our house, entered all the rooms, and flocked into the lofts, so that there was not a foot of space unoccupied, to the great dismay of my mother and the servants.

Presently, down came Saturday and his tribe, determined to kill them all. My father, however, took his gun and, standing at the entrance door, said he would shoot the first man that came another step. Saturday and his party stood still whilst he talked to them, and when he told them that if they would all make friends he would shoot a bullock for them, they agreed to do so. He went to the stockyard, the blacks all following him, and shot the bullock, it was quickly cut up, fires were kindled, and the cooking process on the coals was but of momentary duration.

The whole of the Bathurst district could not have been more than thirty miles across, but at the various stations, where most of the settlers resided, there were a number of convict men—assigned servants.

After a residence of about twelve months at O'Connell Plains, my father was transferred to the Camden district. The subjoined copy of a testimonial presented to him on his departure from Bathurst, and signed by the original settlers, may be interesting to many of their descendants.

Bathurst, February, 1827.

“TO THE REVEREND THOMAS HASSALL.

“Reverend Sir,

“We, the undersigned, being the principal inhabitants, settlers, and others, residing in the several parishes in the counties of Roxburgh and Westmoreland, do feel it a duty incumbent upon us to address you on the eve of your departure, as a token of our high esteem and gratitude.

"We beg to return our sincere thanks for your exemplary assiduity and benevolent attention in the exercise of your Ministerial functions, which we have experienced in the short time you have been amongst us.

"We also, with great satisfaction, acknowledge the improvement in the Morals as well as the religious habits in the rising generation, your unceasing attention to whom ought to be as a precedent to future pastors.

"We have also with pleasure to observe that your example as a Minister, with your zeal in explaining and enforcing the sacred truths of the Gospel, is not without its due influence on the Morals of that class of people under the denomination of prisoners.

"We conclude, requesting you will be pleased to accept our best thanks, and may the blessing of the Almighty accompany you in the performance of your Ministerial duties, and that earthly happiness attend you, and your family, are the earnest wishes of,

"Reverend Sir,

"Your most devoted and obedient servants,

"JOHN STREET.	THOMAS KITE.	R. LEWIS.
THOS. WEST.	WM. JOHNSON.	THOS. ASPENALL.
ANTONIA RODWICK.	JOSEPH WEST, JUNR.	GEO. RANKEN.
JAMES PROCTOR.	HENRY BURNS.	JOHN WEST, SENR.
JOHN BROWN.	— MULLHEAD.	JOSEPH BATCHE.
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WM. CHRISTIE.	THOS. MILLER.	G. G. GAFT.
J. JONES.	JAMES VINCENT.	
THOS. EVERDEN.	W. KABLE."	

When Mr. Hassall was removed to the Camden district, in 1827, he was offered a house near Razor-back, the old cattle station where the lost herd had been found in 1795, but it was not a desirable place for his residence, and he purchased a property called Denbigh, of about a thousand acres in extent, which he divided with his brother. It was on the opposite side from Camden of the Cowpasture River, which was called the district of Cook. A house had been partly built on the place by a Mr. Hook, who died there. This was soon completed, and here my father resided until his death in 1867.

He now took charge of a portion of the counties of Camden and Argyle, and held Divine service statedly at Cobbitty, Narellan, Camden, Cabramatta, Mulgoa, South Creek, Fleurs, Wollongong, Sutton Forest, Goulburn, Picton, and The Oaks.

He was a good rider and always rode good horses. I never knew him to have a fall, and he only once or twice, and then from an accident, missed a service at any appointed place, for forty years.

I remember that while he was at Sutton Forest, on one of his trips, he heard that Sir Richard Bourke, the Governor, had been injured by a fall from his horse in that district, and went to visit him. He started in company with a trooper, who was ordered to ride to Sydney in haste, for a doctor to be sent up to attend the Governor. After they had journeyed together for a short distance, the trooper remarked that he would have to say good-day, and push on, as he had the best and fastest trotting horse in the police. Mr. Hassall replied that he might go ahead if he was able—but that he, too, had a good trotter. They kept pace together for fifty miles, when Mr. Hassall had to leave the main road for his home at Denbigh.

My father built a nice little church on his land at Cobbitty, which he called Heber Chapel. His brother, Samuel Hassall,

of Macquarie Grove, one of whose letters is quoted in the preceding chapter, died in 1830, and was one of the first to be buried in the churchyard there.

As years rolled on, a fine stone church, St. Paul's, was erected at Cobbitty, costing about £3000, chiefly by the exertions of the Reverend Thomas Hassall, Sir Charles Cowper, Mr. James Chisholm, Senr., and a few others. The pretty cemetery around it has now for over seventy years, from time to time, received its beloved and honoured dead.

To my mind, there is no spot in Australia more calm, more peaceful and beautiful, than the sacred precincts of St. Paul's, Cobbitty, with its dark, well-cut freestone walls, its stone spire and handsome windows, the old chapel close by, and the beautiful old native apple-trees surrounding it, with the parsonage across the road.

Camden Church in the distance, the Razor-back range beyond, and part of the Camden Estate, with its rich alluvial lands, and the Cowpasture River below, furnish a sight worthy the visit of the stranger; while to those few of the early settlers who are still living, old associations have left the indelible impress of happy days spent in the vicinity.

Alas, there are none remaining of those old proprietors, who occupied so worthily the homesteads of the Cook and Camden districts. Friendship, hospitality, and liberality, were the prevailing characteristics of every home, and there was not a house in which their clergyman, Thomas Hassall, was not heartily welcomed.

The children never forgot him, for he always carried some little books for them, and books were not so plentiful in those days as they are now.

Denbigh was like a scattered village; there was the carpenter, the blacksmith, the shoemaker, the dairyman, the gardener, the brickmaker, the schoolmaster, with perhaps a dozen others besides.

Some of the cottages had been built, not of sods, as at Bathurst, but of rammed earth. A cedar frame, about eighteen inches high by eight feet long, with a few iron bars across, was placed on the line of the wall, and damp loam rammed between them as hard as possible. The bars were then removed, and the frame placed higher, or at the side, until the walls were completed. The doors and windows were afterwards cut out, and wooden frames placed in them ; and a shingle roof, with white-wash within and without, made as neat and durable a cottage as one could wish for.

For such a building, there must be no clay in the soil, only loam, sufficiently damp to allow of its being rammed hard with post-hole rammers. A dam made in the same way, with earth carted on at the sides, and sodded with couch grass, has been known to stand for at least sixty years.

Denbigh was a very pretty property. A half-circle of hills in front, within a mile of the house, covered with trees, was much admired. On one of the hills, a vineyard and an orange-grove flourished in the rich soil, though they were rather exposed to depredation in the grape season. A watchman for a few nights had a good effect. When one poor fellow was accused of having got peppered with some small shot, he quickly denied it, saying, "It was Bill who got the shot," thus unintentionally letting the cat out of the bag.

The view from these hills was magnificent. Three churches at Camden, Narellan, and Cobbitty, were clearly seen, together with a wide extent of country.

I have already given some account of our early childhood at Denbigh, where my father and mother lived happily for forty years. Of course great changes took places during that time.

My father was gradually relieved of the more scattered districts. First, Reverend John Vincent was sent to Sutton Forest, with Goulburn and Bungonia. I well remember his

riding up to our house with his new horse and a large valise, such as new parsons generally carried. To our amazement the first thing Mr. Vincent took out of his valise was a boot-jack about eighteen inches long. I am not sure that it was a superfluity, at the end of a long day's ride, when one had on Wellington boots.

My father was further relieved by the appointment to Goulburn of the Reverend W. Sowerby, a very dear friend of mine, who had shortly before arrived in the colony with the Reverends Messrs. Walpole and John Stack. He paid my father a visit at Denbigh, on the way to Goulburn, and noticing a beautiful oleander tree in full flower, remarked, "I am perfectly satisfied with the colony now, since such trees can be grown here."

He was a lover of gardening, as the splendid apple and other fruit trees at his Goulburn parsonage clearly showed.

In after years, the Reverend Frederick Wilkinson took charge of the Illawarra country. He and the Reverend Mr. Wilton, of Newcastle, arrived in New South Wales about the same time as my father, on his return from England, but at first he had a private school, at Hambleton, near Parramatta.

From Illawarra, Mr. Wilkinson removed to Picton and The Oaks, releasing my father still further from outside work. At the latter place, he built a very nice house.

He broke his leg when coming to my father's, one day, and was laid up for some time. As he could not travel about so well afterwards, he took the parish of Enmore, near Sydney, and built another house, in which, for several years, he had a school. He also built the Ashfield church. He was the only clergyman that I knew of, at that time, who was a smoker.

A church and parsonage were built at Mulgoa by the Coxes, and the Reverend Thomas Makinson, as elsewhere mentioned, was appointed rector. This again took off some heavy duties from my father, and relieved him of a monthly fifty-mile ride.

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The Reverend R. Forrest took Narellan, and the Reverend G. N. Wood Cabramatta, and a very fine church was erected, as already related, at Camden township, by the Macarthurs, who had cut up their estate of thirty thousand acres and let the greatest portion of it out in farms, at first on clearing leases, and afterwards on long leases on favourable terms, so that a large population had grown in all directions, from Manangle to Bronslow Hill, requiring the services of a separate clergyman.

To this district, formerly the old Cowpastures, the Reverend Robert Forrest was nominated by the Macarthurs, as previously mentioned in the account of my school-days.

My father had now a comparatively small parish, and was thereby enabled to enjoy a period of rest, as age increased. In time, he had a curate allowed him by Bishop Barker, first the Reverend G. Middleton, and next the Reverend Mr. Hough.

Denbigh, by this time, had greatly changed. I may say that I left home for good in 1845. Two of my sisters married, one of them Dr. Hope, of Geelong, and the other Mr. George Hope, of Darriwal, and went to live in Victoria. A third sister married Mr. John Oxley, of Kirkham. My brothers went to Bathurst, and my father and mother, with my only unmarried sister, alone remained at the old home.

The sister referred to, Miss Eliza Hassall, has for some years past been the principal of the Marsden Training College, at Ashfield, Sydney, where young women are prepared for foreign mission work.

The tenant farmers at Denbigh, by the time I speak of, had bought land of their own and gone elsewhere, and few servants were employed on the place, so that, where formerly a congregation numbering from thirty to forty used to meet for Divine service at our house, on Sunday evenings, very few could now be gathered.

At this time, my father, who had led so active a life, and had seldom had a day's illness, began somewhat to fail, and to be wearied with any extra exertion. He was a teetotaller, but the doctor ordered him a stimulant and forbade him to take more than one service on a Sunday, and no more than a short ride every day.

By obeying these directions, he might have lived for some years longer. He lost his curate, however, by his receiving a higher appointment, and, one Sunday, inadvisedly undertook three services and a twenty-four mile ride, which fatigued him very much. He felt no better on the Monday and Tuesday, and determined to take a little change, so on the Wednesday he rode by himself in the morning to his brother-in-law, Charles Marsden's, a distance of eighteen miles, and after dinner set out for Winbourne, his old friend George Cox of Mulgoa's place, ten miles off through the bush. He had not ridden that way for many years, and found roads and fences in all directions, so that he did not reach Winbourne until nine o'clock at night.

Next day, my father was so ill that Mr. Cox drove him home in his buggy—as he said my mother expected him, and would be anxious about him. When he reached home he took to his bed, and died in a fortnight.

I must not pass over the events of those last few days, for they are well worth recording.

The psalmist says, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." My father enjoyed perfect peace and happiness in his own soul. Death had no sting for him. His faith and hope were firm as to the future.

At the same time, he had a bright surrounding to the last. For the first day or two, as long as there seemed any possibility of saving his life, the doctor would not allow any visitors in the room, or anything that might cause excitement,

but when he found all hope was past he permitted all my father's friends to see him.

Before this took place, my father was told that a hawker had passed who had wished to see him. He sent after him at once, and had him brought back about five miles.

The hawker was a Jew whom my father had, a few months before, been the means of leading to the knowledge of the Saviour. He had embraced Christianity, and had been baptized in St. Peter's Church, Sydney, my father being present.

The man was delighted to see and converse with his friend once more, and on leaving the house he said to me, "Send me a telegram to Windsor, when death takes place. I must come to the funeral."

This Jew and the Reverend Mr. Garnsey, rector of Windsor, both were present on the occasion, although they had a journey of forty miles to reach Denbigh. We were glad that the Jew acted as one of the pall-bearers.

It was astonishing the number of old friends and other people who came from all parts to visit their dying friend. Bishop Barker and several of the clergy came from Sydney, and George Cox from Mulgoa, his oldest friend, who survived my father only a few weeks. He was able to converse with them all, and had the gratification to hear from several that he had been the means of their conversion to God, a fact that he had not before been aware of. My father was fully conscious to the last, though his suffering was great before death.

Bishop Barker, on taking leave of my father, before his death, said, "Farewell, my father, my brother, my friend."

He was buried in Cobbitty churchyard, not in a vault. He had arranged beforehand that it was to be so, for he preferred a simple grave.

A large number of people attended the funeral, it was said

about six hundred, amongst whom were forty of the clergy.

A striking incident may be mentioned, showing the respect in which my father was held.

A person passing down a road at South Creek, twenty miles from Cobbitty, saw a friend standing by his house, on the roadside, dressed in his best clothes, and asked him where he was going, or what the matter was. The man replied, "Do you not know that old Mr. Hassall is to be buried to-day? I could not go to the funeral, but I am keeping the day, all the same."

APPENDIX.

The Reverend Samuel Marsden, in a letter from which an extract appears in Chapter XVII., page 152, mentions his having undertaken, amongst other industrial enterprises for the advancement of "the Settlement," the growing and exportation of wool. I have not myself ventured to claim for him the name of father of the Australian wool-trade, but have, I hope, frankly admitted the right of others to share in that title. It seems, nevertheless, fair, not only to the memory of my grandfather, but in relation to the history of the great pastoral industry whose foundations were so well and truly laid by the men of Old Australia, to lay before my readers and to place on record within these pages the subjoined tribute to Mr. Marsden as the inaugurator of the industry named. The article, it will be observed, appeared after "In Old Australia" had gone to Press, and consequently too late to allow of its being referred to in the chapter above specified.

THE ORIGIN OF THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL TRADE.

(Reprinted, by kind permission, from *Dalgety's Review*, for March, 1902.)

The Yorkshire *Daily Observer* in a recent issue says: There are various claimants for the honour of being the first to introduce the merino sheep into Australia, but that honour appears to belong to a countryman of our own in the person of the Rev. Samuel Marsden, who was born at Farsley, near Leeds. He passed his youth as a blacksmith working for a

master at Horsforth, but by indomitable perseverance he worked his way to the University of Cambridge—no mean feat in those days. He was ordained in 1793, and was immediately afterwards appointed to the settlement at Sydney. New South Wales had been made a British settlement in 1788, and the settlers became possessed of their first sheep by the purchase of thirty head from the captain of a merchant vessel from Calcutta in 1793. These sheep were of the Indian breed, but the flock was afterwards increased by importations from the Cape of Good Hope and England, and, favoured by the climate, the flocks increased rapidly. Mr. Marsden arrived at Botany Bay and began his mission in 1794. He interested himself in the development of agriculture, and particularly in the rearing of sheep, and, to give practical effect to his scheme of educating the colonists, he established a model farm at Botany Bay. He returned to England on a visit in 1808 and brought over a quantity of the wool which had been grown in the settlement. It was packed in barrels, and had been so little appreciated in the colony that it was used to bed out cattle.

Mr. Marsden naturally visited his native village, and what happened there will be best told by an extract from a letter written by Mr. William Thompson, one of the chief actors in the inception of this interesting romance of trade:—"It was in the spring of 1808 when the Rev. Samuel Marsden returned to this country, and then brought with him the first wool that ever came from the colony. He came over from Horsforth to dine with my father as an old acquaintance, and after dinner we went down to Park Mill, then employed by my brother Jeremiah and myself, under the firm of J. and W. Thompson. On going over the premises he saw some Cheviot fleeces, and inquired their value, at the same time stating that he had brought over a small quantity of wool from the colony, but did not know its value. He offered the wool to me on

condition I would pay the carriage down from London, make a piece of black cloth from the finest (no admixture), and let him have a suit, which I agreed to. The wool was sent down, about 10 or 12 stones, which was sorted, and about five stones of the finest sort made into a white cloth, then dyed black and finished, one-half of which, say about 20 yards, was sent to him in London.

"The wool proved well, and made a cloth superior to his or my expectation; he had a suit made from it, and was so much pleased therewith as to visit King George III. in it, who admired it very much, and expressed a wish to have a coat of the same cloth, which was at once readily granted.

"His Majesty was so impressed with the importance of the wool of the colony that he gave orders for Mr. Marsden to have selected some of the best sheep from his flock of merinos at Windsor. They had a good deal of conversation about the colony, and His Majesty expressed a fear that they would not be able to make returns, when Mr. Marsden informed him that he thought wool would ultimately be a large return."

Mr. Thompson goes on to say that "a while after Messrs. Alexander Birnie & Co., wine and porter merchants, London, imported a large quantity of wool in casks, which I purchased from them, and a large proportion of it had evidently been buried in the earth. After this we received largely on consignment from the Rev. Samuel Marsden, Captain Edward Cox, and others." Mr. Cudworth says that "Mr. Marsden fitted out an expedition to civilise the cannibal tribes of New Zealand in 1814, and was the first man to teach the natives of the Northern Island religion, agriculture, and the arts, and preached his first sermon in New Zealand on Christmas Day, 1815, from the words, 'Behold, I bring you good tidings.' This remarkable Yorkshireman closed his life in Sydney in 1838, where a national monument has been erected to his memory. In remembrance of him as a native of the locality

a number of stained glass windows have also been inserted in the parish church at Farsley."

His chief ornament, however, is the enormous trade of which he was the pioneer, worth to Australia alone £20,000,000 per annum, and which has had such a marvellous influence upon the trade of his own city (Leeds). The six merino rams selected from the King's Windsor flock were taken out to Australia in 1810. The first consignment of merino wool arrived in 1811 and amounted to 167 lbs., which was sold by auction at Garraway's Coffee House in London, so that these two dates mark the rise of the Australian wool trade and of the London colonial wool sales.

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Hassall, J. C., 184 Queen Street, Brisbane.
Hogan, Joseph, 349 Queen Street, Brisbane.
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